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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

World Series at the Summit

AN EDITORIAL

Socialism Without Marx

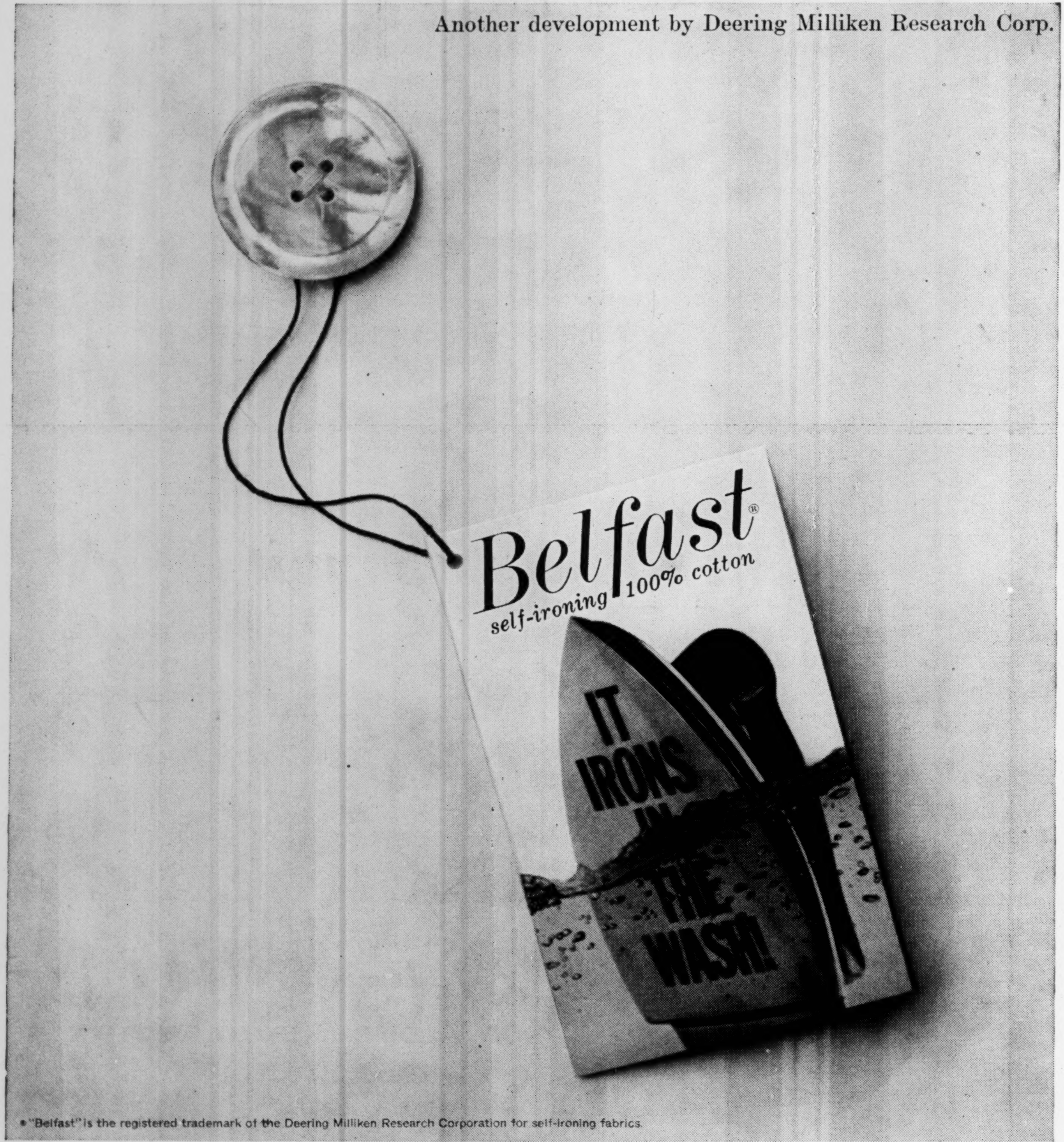
FRANK CHODOROV

De Gaulle's Strategy in Algeria

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
WILLMOORE KENDALL · GEORG MANN · REV. RICHARD GINDER
JOHN D. KREUTTNER · RUSSELL KIRK · MICHAEL M. MOONEY

TEXTILE RESEARCH PLAYS VITAL ROLE IN OUR FUTURE ECONOMY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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyright 1960 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

Spirit of Camp David: U.S. export to Russia and East Europe satellite countries in 1959—$56 million. Thirty millions in last three months . . . Secret reasons behind recent trips of Mikoyan (to Cuba) and Khrushchev (to Indonesia): to set up Soviet missile and satellite tracking stations there. Cuban station could spy on U.S. . . . Impresario Sol Hurok lost $100,000 on New York appearances of Moscow State Symphony. He made them play nothing but Tschaikovsky.

Scramble for Montana Senate seat in 1960. Young Democrats trying to cut out incumbent Murray (84 years old); chances of conservative Republicans Wayne Montgomery and Sumner Gerard improving. . . . Newly formed in Cambridge: Harvard-Radcliffe Committee for Continuation of Nuclear Tests. . . . Pay-TV sensational hit in Toronto after one week—three channels, 13,000 viewers, $5 installation fee, first-run movies and sports events. Thousands of would-be subcribers petitioning Telemeter's Toronto offices.

United Press International reporter Bill Yim thrown into Red China prison for "spying"—no protest from U.S. government or press. . . . Secretary of State Herter & Company working for another Summit meeting in autumn, after May 16 conference. Western Summit in works for late April. . . . Poland re-banning sale of Eisenhower's World War II book, Crusade in Europe. . . . Real reason for Chilean crowds throwing stones at Castro picture: bitterness at Cuban politicking. Chile wants UN Security Council seat that Cuba is campaigning for.

French "security risks" (anti-Communist Russian émigrés and East European refugees) being shipped off forcibly to Corsica by de Gaulle government while Khrushchev visits France. . . . Since Morocco independence, French residents down from 350,000 to 200,000 in steady drop. . . . In Guinea, European whites down from 6,700 to 2,000. Remainder going soon due to recent economic measures by Touré government.

Arthur Goldsmith ("The Dragon of the Waldorf Towers"), Manhattan Machiavellian, sending out personal letters to top East Coast society figures attacking Vice President Nixon. Goldsmith also telephoning around for financial support for not-altogether-dormant Rockefeller Presidential campaign.

The WEEK

- Caryl Chessman, eminent author and rapist, has forwarded a nineteen-page letter along to California's Governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown to the effect that he (Chessman) will gladly sacrifice his (Chessman's) life if, in so doing, he will advance the cause of the abolition of capital punishment by removing it from the "hysteria and the mob wrath that surrounds the problem . . ." We await the word from Uruguay.

- The current civil rights debate should at least put an end to the charge that senators lead an easy life at the taxpayers' expense. We imagine that not a few of our beleaguered solons, on both sides of the house, feel that they might be exhausting their vocal and physical resources to better purpose; because all of them know that whatever measure, or name, finally comes out of the parliamentary siege, will have no significant effect on the matter nominally at issue. In the future as in the past, the voting and other civil rights of the southern Negroes will, by and large, expand in accord with the slow evolution of local community sentiment, not the arbitrary ukase of absentee ideologues.

- Roughly on a par with the arrogance and venality of James Hoffa and his Teamsters, concludes the Senate Rackets Committee, closing its books on the investigation of labor corruption and crime, is the cowardice of many Teamster employers. The committee charged 1) underworld infiltration of wholesale magazine and newspaper distribution in New York; 2) "peace payments" (protection money) demanded and received by the Teamsters and Longshoremen from such august tribunals of moral authority as the *New York Times* and a number of other New York and East Coast newspapers and magazines; 3) secondary boycotting by Teamsters against business concerns not directly involved in Teamsters' disputes; 4) payoffs by Chicago contractors to Sheet Metal Workers officials in exchange for union participation in rigging of bids on city contracting projects.

- Columnist Marquis Childs enters the following criticism of Admiral Lewis Strauss: One year ago, Mr. Lewis Strauss, as Secretary of Commerce, refused to permit the export to Russia of steel pipe needed for the completion of oil pipelines. Now, Mr. Childs reports, the Soviet Union has concluded a deal for the pipe—with Italy! The reader is supposed to infer from these data the reactionary opacity of Mr. Strauss. Us, we don't understand the criticism, and remind Mr. Childs that 1) in refusing the export license, Mr. Strauss was executing national policy as legislated by Congress (the Battle Act); he was not making his own foreign policy. 2) The Act is still on the books, and if the present Secretary of Commerce were to act differently on a corresponding request, he would be breaking the law. 3) The Act, and the fidelity with which its provisions were carried out by Mr. Strauss, caused at least a year's delay in the Soviet Union's acquisition of a vitally needed capital good, a considerable accomplishment. We say "at least a year's delay," because 4) it is widely questioned whether the steel pipe the Soviet Union needs can be produced by Italy with its present equipment.

- The Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission are ready and waiting to proceed with underground tests for three essential small nuclear weapons: 1) warheads for Minuteman and Polaris ballistic missiles; 2) small bombs for Army battlefield use; 3) a nuclear-tipped anti-missile missile. The President, held in seeming thralldom by the full-page newspaper pronounciamento of the Sane Nuclear Policy Committee, fails to give the word.

- Former French Premier Georges Bidault on the forthcoming Khrushchev visit: "Khrushchev doesn't waste time talking about the wave of the future. He merely declares that he will conquer. He has his difficulties with China, but he does not suffer from any nightmare about 'the Yellow Peril,' nor will he take *our* word that it exists. He is convinced that capitalism is rotten. Maybe he is right. It is enough to see the concessions we offer this grinning Bolshevik to realize that the fighting capitalism so often denounced from political platforms is a children's story from the last century. Mr. Khrushchev is coming to be hailed, not to listen. Thoughts about the grandeur and decadence of empires are irrelevant for his elementary but constant way of thinking. He takes account only of the relationship of forces. He believes that this relationship is now favorable to him, and he is coming to bargain on that basis."

- The left wing of the British Labor Party, speaking through its journalistic organ, *Tribune,* has taken up the challenge of Party Chairman Hugh Gaitskell's demand for abandonment of the Party's Marxian call for complete nationalization. Gaitskell must resign, *Tribune* insists, if the Party refuses to drop the key constitutional clause which states the issue: the Party's object is "To secure for the workers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the basis of the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange."

● The West German Government's White Book on the recent wave of anti-Semitic and neo-Nazi incidents confirms the analyses of NATIONAL REVIEW. 1) A large percentage were children (215 out of 685); 2) a large number (48 per cent) were proved, on examination, to have been prompted to vandalize by the extravagant publicity given to the original incidents in Cologne and 3) those who were moved by anti-Semitism or neo-Nazism a) were a minority (24 per cent), b) acted spontaneously, *i.e.*, without central direction of any kind, and c) were egged on to express their resentments by the notoriety given to the defamation incidents in Cologne. Sixty-three of those apprehended have already been tried, and given sentences ranging from a few weeks to 22 months. Three are foreigners, and one of them is a Jew.

● In a Swedish application of the Kremlin's worldwide campaign to confuse anti-Communism with anti-Semitism (see editorial, p. 161), Communist sources have accused the nearly blind political scientist and poet, Dr. Per Engdahl, of complicity in the recent swastika-painting incidents, and of directing an international anti-Semitic organization. In point of fact, a careful investigation by the Swedish police has proved that the swastika-painting in Sweden was, as it was for the most part elsewhere, done by irresponsible young pranksters titillated by the worldwide publicity. Dr. Engdahl is indeed the founder of a small and sober organization, the New Swedish Movement, with associates in other Western countries. Known collectively as "the Malmo movement" from Dr. Engdahl's home city, these groups are dedicated to resisting, by education and peaceful counter-association, the modern world's drift toward "bureaucratic dictatorship," which they believe to affect all advanced nations, and to have reached its furthest stage in the Soviet Union.

● For a little more than a year the pro-NATO Italian government of Premier Antonio Segni has stayed in office on the basis of parliamentary support from Segni's own Democratic Christian Party and the small parties of the Right—the Liberals (in Italy, a conservative, free enterprise group), Monarchists and neo-Fascists. Lately the government has slipped gradually to the Left, both in domestic economic policy and in foreign affairs. The Liberals, unwilling to serve any longer as camouflage for this drift, broke away, and Signor Segni resigned. Thus on the eve of the Disarmament Conference and Summit Meeting, Italy must search for a new parliamentary majority that can yield a workable government. But a deal either with Pietro Nenni's Communist-linked, pro-Soviet Left Socialists—the "opening to the Left" long advocated by ex-Premier Amintore Fanfani—or with a Right that did not include the Liberals (who are felt to take the curse off the Monarchists and neo-Fascists) would split the Right and Left factions of the Demo-Christians. Since the Demo-Christians do not have a majority on their own, Italy thus confronts a parliamentary dilemma that must bring either a new election that promises nothing but further confusion or a government given a tenuous majority so long as it does nothing of importance. Palmiro Togliatti and his Communists meanwhile stay comfortably on the sidelines, picking up the pieces.

● The National Student Committee for the Loyalty Oath is distributing petitions to be signed by students who are opposed to abolition of the loyalty requirement. The petitions will be forwarded to members of Congress. Blank forms are available at 2405 37th Street, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

● CLEAR DAYS ON THE WASHINGTON SCENE: It went something like this. The Air Force manual (you know) said all sorts of things—among them, that there are Communists among the Protestant clergy (which is true). The *New York Times et al.* said any such thing is both preposterous and untrue (which is false). Congressman Francis E. Walter, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, told the *New York Times et al.* that there were indeed clerical Communists, and he wanted to know why the Air Force was backing down. Air Force Secretary Dudley Sharp appeared before Congressman Walter's committee and testified. Afterward, Congressman Walter told the press that Secretary Sharp told him that the statements in the manual were true. Secretary Sharp then told the press that he had not told Congressman Walter any such thing at all. Congressman Walter thereupon released the text of Sharp's testimony and . . . Secretary Sharp had indeed told Congressman Walter what Congressman Walter told the press Secretary Sharp had told him. Meanwhile, of course, the manual was withdrawn.

● The Ford Foundation has commissioned Marc Blitzstein to write the myth of the martyrdom of Sacco and Vanzetti into our musical culture. Here is a typical venture in ritualistic Liberalism—the thoughtless underwriting of the claim that Sacco and Vanzetti were clearly innocent and clearly railroaded by rampant American hysteria and xenophobia; and the handing of the job over to a noisy, belligerent fellow traveler like Mr. Blitzstein. If he and the Ford Foundation are having a hard time finding martyrs, we volunteer to come up with enough names to keep all the musicmakers in the land occupied. Pal Maleter would surely serve, as would Mihailovich and Mindszenty: and if we got into the spirit of the thing, there is James Forrestal and Povl Bang-Jensen. Couldn't we make beautiful music writing about them? Or would Mr. Blitzstein's keys stick?

World Series at the Summit

The 1960 Spring Negotiating Season is all set to go. The lead-off game will be the ten-team pickup Disarmament round-robin scheduled to open in Geneva March 15. On the road, Nikita Khrushchev's squad will be playing France, and Konrad Adenauer will stop off for a few innings in Washington on his way to Japan. In April, Charles de Gaulle will try his new lineup on the London-Washington circuit. The test-ban trio will keep plugging away to break the tie held over from the 1959 season. (What happened, by the way, to those U.S.-Red China negotiations that had passed their 200th session the last time we got wind of them?) All contestants will head in toward the All-Star Summit Match booked for May 16.

Meanwhile the scouts are busy, and the players are stepping up their training pace. We are in the phase when each side—as the strategist describes it—"probes" and tests the will of the opponents. In the delicate ritual of the pre-Summit maneuvers, pregnant symbols are launched into the political air, like trial missiles, from all the corners of the earth.

From Bonn, Adenauer declares that all Western concessions on Berlin offered last year in Geneva were cancelled when that meeting aborted, so that the 1960 gathering starts from scratch. From Potsdam the new safe-conduct passes issued to Western personnel are signed not by the Soviet occupation authority but by the East German government. The Western missions refuse to accept the passes, with their implied recognition of East German legitimacy, and are immobilized. Bonn takes counter-steps to put limits on the movements of Soviet missions in West Germany.

From an oasis in the Sahara, de Gaulle explodes the nuclear bomb that he hopes will lift France's seat at the Summit to the level of the Nuclear Club's three charter members. From the depths of central Asia, Florida and California, intercontinental-range missiles thunder their boasts and threats. From Washington, Christian Herter outlines a new scheme for internationally supervised plebiscites in both East and West Germany. From far-off Indonesia, Khrushchev replies with a warning that if the Summit does not agree to the Soviet plan for Berlin, Moscow will sign a treaty with East Germany, which will then control all Berlin and the corridors. In Rio, Buenos Aires and Santiago, Dwight Eisenhower rallies the spirit of the farm clubs.

From some undisclosed site, the word arcs in that the Western powers, after months of refusal, have authorized West Berlin to proceed with construction of huge new TV towers capable of blanketing almost all East Germany. Simultaneously on target is the announcement from Washington (later modified) that Western planes will no longer restrict themselves to a 10,000-foot ceiling in flying the corridors into Berlin. From the Soviet East German embassy comes at once a denunciation of "the unilateral violation of East Germany's sovereignty."

The Spirit of Camp David, still warming the hearts of concert audiences, Hollywood directors, and cultural exchange delegations, has long since dried up in the chancellories and command posts. At the responsible echelons, everyone knows that bitter cold-war struggle, and perhaps major turning points, lie immediately ahead in this spring season. All seek to discover in advance, by studying the response to each provocative but calculated challenge, exactly how far each contestant is prepared to go this time. But even more crucial is each contestant's self-discovery of how far he is himself prepared to go, if he must. It is the failure to complete this inward probing that is now the gaping weakness in Washington's Summit preparation.

No Comment

. . . Therein lies the surprise of Lunik I. The disillusionment came immediately. We failed to locate its signals with the world's largest radio telescope. . . . We searched around the actual position of the moon at the time when the Russians stated that Lunik I made its closest approach of a few thousand miles, and our beam coverage under those circumstances should have been adequate. To this day we are puzzled by our failure to detect the signals. As far as we know, there is no telescope of comparable size in the USSR; yet all official reports stated that the Lunik was being tracked by "several observatories in the USSR." . . . This failure of ourselves and of any other team in the West to record with certainty the signals of Lunik I had unexpected repercussions. The voice of those who doubted Russian abilities and integrity was heard again, and the real existence of Lunik I became suspect, particularly in certain quarters in the U. S. A. I have never really doubted the existence of the probe because I believe the statements of my Russian scientific colleagues.

PROFESSOR A.C.B. LOVELL, Director of the Jodrell Bank Experimental Station, in the Sunday *Times* (London), Feb. 7, 1960

What Nikita Khrushchev is trying, with surgical precision, to find out is precisely how far *he* can go on Berlin and Germany before there would be a risk that the United States might reply with measures of war. He is trying to determine that precise line, because he intends to push right to its edge. Whatever the evasive diplomatic formulas that will be used, the West will get in substance only what it is prepared to fight for. Why, indeed, should Khrushchev concede anything more?

It is just this central question—the question of where, in relation to Berlin and Germany, the line, the war line, is to be drawn—that Mr. Eisenhower, by all accounts and indications, has failed to answer. He swore last year that he would not go to the Summit under a threat from the Kremlin; and the one actual concession Khrushchev made at Camp David was the withdrawal of his Berlin threat. Now, in his Indonesian press conference, Khrushchev reissues that threat. But the President is still, apparently, going.

Mr. Eisenhower last year told the world that war is unthinkable, *and* that the United States would never abandon Berlin. That, unfortunately, is just the dilemma. Unless war is at least *thinkable* in American minds, it is inevitable, whether by quick or drawn-out stages, that Berlin will be abandoned.

Do We Need Security?

The President's new executive order governing security procedures in industrial firms with which the government does defense business has been hailed by the Liberals as a significant victory. In fact, it is probably somewhat less than that. At issue is whether an employee of a plant doing defense work for the government has the right to confront his accuser in a security proceeding. A government employee has no such right, and it was understood until the Supreme Court's *Greene* decision of last year that a worker in a defense plant did not have the right either.

The new executive order states that the employee will in the normal course be permitted to summon forth his accuser—but that security officials may appeal to the head of the relevant government department to deny that right when it suits the interest of the national security: when, for instance, the informant is a covert agent of the government, planted in the Communist Party. The government will at least still be able to protect its secret agents—though a security risk's neighbors may now be less willing to speak frankly to the FBI about him.

Psychologically, the new loyalty order is in the wrong direction, for it pursues the trend toward sentimentalizing and losing the point of security proceedings. At a loyalty-security hearing (as distinct from a criminal trial), the government is, and ought to be, given the benefit of any reasonable doubt. That being the case, it is important not to suggest that a security system's casualties are *disloyal.* They are, merely, *risks,* and such risks are not, in these apocalyptic times, worth taking. If the civil libertarians succeed in grafting full jurisprudential rules onto security operations, they will have succeeded in investing a security proceeding with the moral authority to determine guilt and innocence; this would damage civil rights far more than occasional arbitrary rulings by security panels.

What is behind the trend? The conviction that when all is said and done, we don't really have any secrets any more? (It is not true: we have secrets worth keeping, and always will. Guinea has secrets worth keeping.) Is Camp David behind it all, and the creeping public conviction that the national security is merely something for politicians to toss back and forth? Is it the length of time that has gone by since we have caught a big-time Communist in government? (Do we need an Alger Hiss or a Klaus Fuchs every ten years or so to keep the American Civil Liberties Union at bay?) One cannot say for sure. But we find ourselves, from time to time, recalling Nikita Khrushchev's oh-so-jocular proposal of last summer, his little contribution to the cause of a balanced U.S. budget: "Why don't we just pool our intelligence agencies," he said, throwing his arm around the shoulder of a wide-eyed Allen Dulles, "since we know all your secrets anyway?" And our blood runs cold. Some jokes do that to you.

The Question of the Manual

A typical response to the clumsy passages in the United States Air Force manual on the infiltration of Protestant churches by Communists was columnist Roscoe Drummond's, who fumed & roared and in the course of three sentences branded the passage "evil," "pernicious," "dangerous," "poisonous," and—lest you didn't hear it the first time—"pernicious" again.

Mr. Drummond was so naive as to recall the incident of 1953 involving Dr. J. B. Matthews, who published an article on the scope of Communist infiltration of the Protestant churches, the measure of which was reflected in the appalling number of clergymen the Communists had seduced into supporting Communist-front organizations. The enemies of Senator McCarthy parlayed the sober article by the dean of American students of Communist-front operations into an "attack" upon the Protestant religion (Dr. Matthews is an ordained Protestant minister); and now the question is not whether Air Force manuals sometimes go too far afield (they do, in our opinion) or whether the phrasing of this particular indictment was maladroit (it was)—but whether, in the nature of the case, *anyone* can be permitted to maintain that the Communists have infiltrated the Protestant churches.

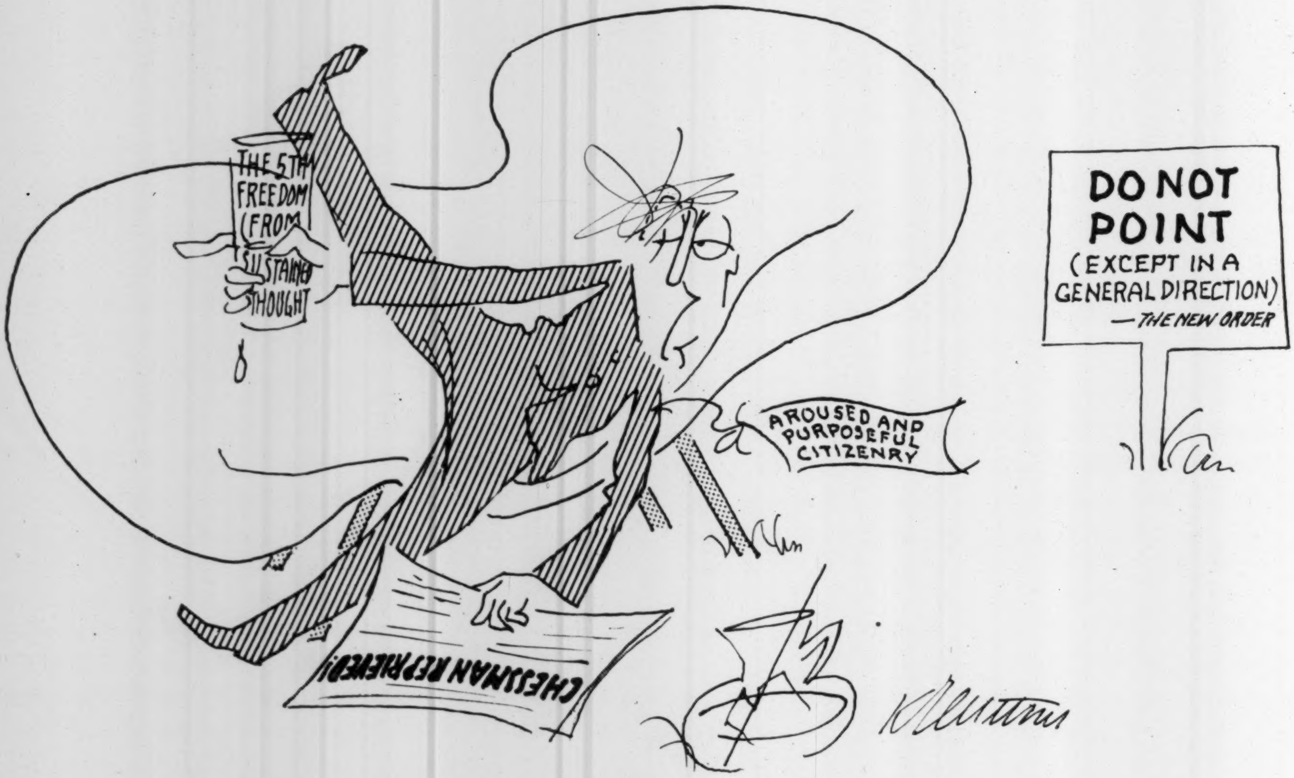
At the political level, the realist will acknowledge that it is among the ambitions of the Communist Party to infiltrate the most privileged sanctuaries of the West. There are the Protestant churches, which are no more beneath the Communists' sights than are the nuclear laboratories; and even though the latter are more security conscious than the former, they nevertheless were caught employing Klaus Fuchs *et al.* Nor is it in point how few people—how few atomic scientists, how few Protestant ministers—are Communist or pro-Communist; rather, how much mischief do the tiny minority of successful infiltrators make? In the case of some of the organs of American Protestantism, the answer is: a great deal, as witness such notoriously pro-Communist publications as the *Churchman* and the *Witness*. And in other areas, for instance, there is on the record the World Study Council's unanimous recommendation that we recognize Red China—against the wishes, it transpired, of the overwhelming majority of Protestant clergymen. Are we not permitted to speculate on the extent to which Communist influences might have been at work in producing that grotesque demonstration?

Intellectually one must deplore the performance of the critics of the Air Manual even more than the stupidities of the individual who penned the offensive words. The sheer anti-intellectualism of postulating the impenetrability of the Protestant churches and substituting, for a rational discussion of the subject, the hugger-mugger of sibilant Liberalism—this corruption of the discussion process strikes us as, well, pernicious.

That War Is Over

Senator Olin Johnston (D., S.C.), chairman of the Subcommittee on the Trading With the Enemy Act (of the Judiciary Committee) has stoutly resisted pressure upon him to recommend expropriation of the assets owned by private German and Japanese citizens, frozen during World War Two and, for unaccountable reasons, not as yet returned to their lawful owners. A Bill (S.105) has been introduced to confiscate the properties, worth about $273 million, to set up a vast Scientific Scholarship Fund.

We are not against Science, Scholarships, or Funds, but we agree with Senator Johnston (and with the Justice and State Departments, which have testified against the bill) that the frozen assets, following ancient precedent, should, now that national hostilities are over, be returned to their owners. Senator Johnston has quoted the words of the congressman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"Ish the men around Rubottom—thash who it is!"

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faced with a similar proposal shortly after World War One. Said Sam Rayburn forty years ago: "From the days of Hamilton and Jefferson and Marshall down to now, every man who had a reputation that extended beyond the community in which he lived . . . has looked upon the question of confiscating private property for the satisfaction of a public obligation with obloquy. That has been our policy . . . the most savage doctrine ever announced by any people anywhere was that private property should be taken for the satisfaction of a public obligation."

Danger Ahead

1. A few weeks ago, pro-Communist groups in New York held a rally against "the wave of anti-Semitism and neo-fascism" that is engulfing the country (the words are the *Worker's*). The Communists' point is that anti-Semitism should only be pursued *inside* the Soviet Union, though to be sure they allow their point to remain implicit. It was another demonstration of the Communists' ruthless exploitation of human wretchedness for their own ends.

The rally came to the attention of three young and thoroughly undisciplined New Yorkers, by name Seth Ryan, Gilbert de Mello and Hugh Bruce, aged 21, 20, and 17. This trio has in recent years taken a lively interest in anti-Communist activities, it seems, but has not yet acquired the sense to distinguish between respectable anti-Communist organizations and those weird and distracted organizations which abound in New York and are infected with the disease of anti-Semitism, which in its most virulent form can do strange things to the vision: suddenly the world is not a world of Communists and non-Communists, but of Jews and non-Jews.

The three very angry young men gathered in Union Square shortly after the Communists had celebrated the recent anti-Semitic wave, and a loitering band recognized one of them as the fellow who had held high a placard calling for "FREEDOM FOR LATVIA, POLAND AND HUNGARY," and another equating the swastika and the hammer and sickle. Insults were traded. The three young men, in a lunatic impulse, approached one group, extended the Nazi salute, and shouted "Heil Hitler!", then did the same to another group of loiterers. The temperature rose. A policeman was called. A rabbi, charging disorderly conduct and breach of the peace, demanded he execute a prompt arrest, and the three young men were marched off to jail.

There they were searched, and one of them was found to be carrying two anti-Semitic reprints, another a party card indicating membership in the National Renaissance Party, a fascist-type organization in upper Manhattan. On seeing these documents and hearing that the young men had been running about shouting "Heil Hitler!", the presiding judge, Schrekinger, blew his top, accused the young men of wanting to dispose of him and his kind "in an oven," and fixed bail at the appalling, unheard-of sum, for such a charge, of $15,000 each.

Three days later they were tried in a slapdash proceeding, in Adolescent Court, and sentenced, each, to 90 days in the workhouse. The sentence is being appealed by their lawyer, the estimable Dr. Bella V. Dodd.

We reached Mr. George Rundquist, director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, asked his opinion of the $15,000 bail, and were relieved to hear him say, without hesitation, that it was preposterous and inordinate, and in effect a denial of constitutional rights. He also believes the 90-day sentence to be excessive. It is outside the province of the Civil Liberties Union to protest sentences that fall within the statutory limits of judicial discretion; but, says Mr. Rundquist, the New York chapter "may yet" issue a formal protest against the ridiculous bail. The rabbi who instigated the arrest was appalled at the harshness of the sentence, and has so expressed himself to Dr. Dodd, but the sentencing judge, the Honorable Vincent P. Rao, is not likely to be moved to mitigate the sentence for, he has stated, he received an avalanche of commendatory messages on his sternness.

We report at length on this episode, which would appear trivial, to suggest that passions have been loosed which need to be carefully observed. Two months ago another New York magistrate proposed that three bumbling young anti-Semites be electrocuted, a judgment in which the old fool, Mr. Carl Sandburg, solemnly concurred. What price are we to exact for political stupidity in an adolescent? Is a judge who is so panicked as to rave that it is the design of the defendants to put him away in an oven qualified to take a hand in the judicial mechanism? Is the judge who sentenced three young men to 90 days for insulting a group of persons who had attended a provocative pro-Communist rally—is such a man looking for letters of commendation, or pursuing justice?

2. Prudent action—and discriminating analysis—are especially needed as the evidence accumulates that the Kremlin, as part of its campaign to block the rearming of West Germany, is bent on exploiting anti-Semitic fears to further its policies. Communist propagandists or their dupes will pin the anti-Semitic label on anyone showing firm resistance to Communism, from Konrad Adenauer to Rabbi Benjamin Schultz. In its February 21 issue the *Worker,* official organ of the U.S. Communist Party, carried out a particularly noisome assignment in this international

operation by printing a crude and libelous attack on The Bookmailer.

The Bookmailer distributes books throughout the world by mail—including, since it handles any book currently in print that is desired by any customer, thousands of copies of works by Marxist and Communist authors. The Bookmailer has also published a number of books under its own imprint, among them telling anti-Communist volumes such as Judge Robert Morris' *No Wonder We Are Losing,* Edward Hunter's *Black Book on Red China,* and the West German Supreme Court's decision outlawing the Communist Party.

The Bookmailer's president, Mr. Lyle Munson, has a brilliant record of war- and peacetime service in the OSS and CIA and is an active, able and effective anti-Communist.

For these sufficient reasons, a five-column spread in the *Worker* characterized The Bookmailer as America's "biggest anti-Semitic propaganda center."

The Anti-Defamation League and other influential Jewish organizations will do well, we think, to make quick and unambiguous response to this peculiarly vicious and potentially so dangerous campaign of the Communists. It is of the first importance for the health of our society that the meaning of "anti-Semitism" be kept unblurred. If Communists are permitted to foster the smearing identification of anti-Communism and anti-Semitism without public rebuke, then anti-Semitism will tend, almost inevitably, to lose some of its horror.

Isn't it Glorious!

The British *New Statesman,* the premier English-speaking organ of polished gullibility, publishes a piece by Andrew Roth (of the *Amerasia* case, no less) on the decline of McCarthyism in America. Much of what Mr. Roth recites is of course true, but the sight is amusing of a man—then a Navy lieutenant—who was arrested for espionage in connection with passing classified material to the editor of a pro-Communist magazine (in his article he calls it a "left-wing" magazine), speaking with such satisfaction about the return of normal times, *i.e.,* presumably, a return to times when one may resume giving classified documents to the enemy with impunity.

It is interesting, of course, that the *New Statesman* should have selected a man with a pro-Communist record to write about the state of affairs in America, and interesting to know what such a man is thinking. Mr. Roth, by the way, informs his readers that during the late, great hysteria, he was persecuted for having done work before the war for the Institute of Pacific Relations, described by Mr. Roth as "a sister institute of the Royal Institute of International Affairs." There he came to know Professor Owen Lattimore; in fact, he spent a weekend at Lattimore's home "just before being arrested in June 1945" in connection with the *Amerasia* case.

Anyway, the heat is off, writes Mr. Roth. "There is no doubt that since the beginning of 1957, and particularly since the summer of 1959, American liberals and left-wingers have begun raising their heads again . . . President Eisenhower's willingness, on Mr. Herter's advice, to invite Mr. Khrushchev to the United States was a public rejection of the gospel, so arduously spread by the McCarthyites in their heyday, that anyone who negotiated with Communist leaders was contaminated forever. Mr. Khrushchev's invitation was not the only symptom of this growing defiance of the extreme Right by conservative but aristocratic intellectuals like Mr. Herter . . ." There was the recall of Charles Bohlen. The hiring by Producer Otto Preminger of "left-wing writer Dalton Trumbo," an appointment which "virtually destroyed the blacklist which had existed in Hollywood for almost a dozen years." The appointment by Alfred Knopf of pro-Communist Angus Cameron as editor of his publishing firm. The appointment of Marxist Dr. Paul Sweezy to a teaching job in Cornell . . . and so on.

For these developments we have largely to thank the successes of the Soviet Union with its rockets. "The basis of McCarthyism was a know-nothing chauvinism, the belief that America was best in everything and only a subversive or a foreigner would doubt this. The Soviet success . . . destroyed this simple chauvinism . . . "

Now we are no longer under any pressure to believe in the superiority of American accomplishments. Indeed, the question may next arise which evidently arose in the mind of Mr. Roth many years ago, namely: who says life itself in America is superior to life in the Soviet Union?

The Isle of Pines

An open letter describing conditions at Havana's Isle of Pines prison and signed by hundreds of relatives of Cuban political prisoners appeared recently in *El Universal,* distinguished Mexican newspaper.

Political prisoners are forced to work in quarries, fields and ditches; to go without shoes, bedclothes, adequate covering; they are prohibited visitors on holidays; when they receive their families, it is in filthy cellars for fifteen minutes; they are awakened at dawn for inspection and harassment; they suffer physical interference; they go without water, light, elementary hygiene; they are denied trial.

As for the visiting wives, children and relatives: they are often denied passage on ships and planes;

they are denied housing accommodations on arriving in Havana; they are forced to wait for hours and days, whatever the weather, in line outside the prison; they must undress completely in groups of five and jump up and down for inspection; the women are sometimes sexually assaulted, always harassed.

Upon protesting these conditions, the relatives of political prisoners were notified that no more visiting will be permitted. Their food and clothing packages are rotting in stacks on the highway outside the Isle of Pines. All letters are seized. All communication has been cut off.

The Revolution goes on.

Notes and Asides

Mr. George C. S. Benson, President of Claremont Men's College, points out that although it is true that Claremont shares certain facilities with Pomona, "our administrations, our policies, and our faculties are entirely separate." In other words, our readers are not to infer from Allan Ryskind's article ("The Capture of Pomona College," Nov. 7, 1959) that Claremont, like Pomona, is a Liberal indoctrination machine. Rather, Claremont Men's College is proud of its effort to cultivate "intelligent conservatism" in its students, and is avowedly out to challenge the prevailing orthodoxy in economic and political theory.

We are glad to pass along a report from a group of New Jersey readers who have furthered NATIONAL REVIEW's fame and fortune by throwing a cocktail party, complete with orchestra, in our behalf. To quote a member of the group, Mr. Eugene P. Kenny, the mechanics are as follows: "We made an arrangement with the operator of a Casino under which we were to pay him the sum of 60 cents for each drink on each [$2.00] ticket sold. The income from all drinks after the first was to belong exclusively to the Casino. In addition we had agreed to pay an orchestra . . . and [the operator of the Casino] agreed to contribute toward the payment of this charge." Mr. Kenny estimates that of the 232 guests present 20 per cent were familiar with NATIONAL REVIEW, 100 per cent with the pleasures of being sociable to music. The result: $200 in cash, a number of subscriptions, and 100 per cent familiarity with NATIONAL REVIEW! Blessings on Mr. Kenny, his family, friends, associates, and the whole state of New Jersey!

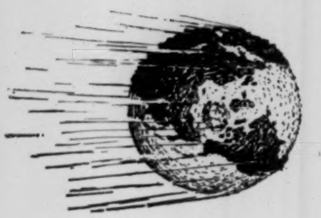
The call for reprints of last issue's staff report, "The Arms Debate: a Primer," has been very heavy. We are therefore reprinting it. It is available for 15 cents each and 100 for $10.00. Why not send copies to your local newspapers, to your Congressmen, to students and teachers?

In This Issue . . .

. . . we feature the ruminations of MR. FRANK CHODOROV on the future of socialism without Marx. Mr. Chodorov, the grand old man of American individualism, made his first trip to Europe last December, and spoke with many of the shaky ideologues who, their Marx having been taken away from them, are left with the inanimate corpse of socialism . . . ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN writes a first-hand dispatch on the Algerian dilemma, different, more profound, more poignant, than any we have seen. Mr. K-L stopped in Algeria on the last leg of a round-the-world trip that began with a lecture tour in the United States last fall; and now returns to his family in the Tyrol . . . RUSSELL KIRK reports on the success of the annual AWARE educational conference for conservative students, held last week in New York. Mr. Kirk, by the way, is teaching again at C.W. Post College in Long Island and has almost completed a new book.

ALOISE HEATH is traveling in Europe and will, beginning in the next issue, send us a brief report on her adventures in Egypt and Jordan. She is traveling with NATIONAL REVIEW's managing editor, Priscilla Buckley, and with another sister, Mrs. Brent Bozell. Mrs. Bozell applied for a visa to Jordan in Washington before leaving, and was told she would have to bring a birth certificate testifying to the fact that she is a Christian. She made a fuss about the stupidity and inconvenience of the requirement, and arrived the next day with her birth certificate *and*, conspicuously under her arm, a copy of *Exodus*. Whereupon the Consul refused to grant her a visa! But she has had her revenge (she, like her husband, is redheaded). In Rome she secured a visa (without the aid of *Exodus*). And now we learn that she pasted a passport picture of herself on a postcard and mailed it from Jordan to its ambassador at Washington, with the note: "Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here."

GEORG MANN, who reviews current novels, is a literary factotum who has written for probably every magazine in the country, since publishing his satire on the Communist Party for New Directions in 1941. He styles himself "a science writer by trade." . . . Father RICHARD GINDER is the widely syndicated columnist in *Our Sunday Visitor,* and a staunch and provocative conservative . . . We welcome back our prodigal son, JOHN KREUTTNER, with joy in our hearts. . . . Coming up: a series of profiles on the Democratic Presidential candidates, by the master himself, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. Happy reading.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Loneliest Men

A few days ago in Nairobi, the spokesman of the comparatively moderate United Party, to which most of Kenya's whites adhere, declared of the agreement just reached in London on Kenya's road to independence: "It is a cynical abandonment of the Europeans in Kenya, no doubt resulting from American pressure." He was certainly correct on his first point, and probably on his second.

In his illuminating dispatch from Algeria, printed elsewhere in this issue, E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn notes that "what we are witnessing now in Africa is the belated birth of 'national democracy'" in a historical situation where this concept has become not merely archaic but irrelevant.

Western ideologues and politicians interpret the current African events in terms of their own ideas of "nationalism," "self-determination," "democracy" and so on. But for most Africans — whatever their origin — these are just ritual words, without substantial content.

The idea of "nation" presupposes the historical continuity of a people linked by all or most of such factors as geographical contiguity, language, customs, myths, religion, law, arts, heroes, the shared experience of suffering, wars, defeats and triumphs. In all Africa, the only communities so qualified are Egypt, Ethiopia and Morocco, and—though with shallower roots—Liberia and the Union of South Africa. The rest of Africa was organized tribally, not by nations in our sense, free, slave or colonial. The shadowy older empires and the more recent "colonies" and "protectorates" have been mere administrative divisions.

The African Struggle

In a recent letter to the *New York Times*, Professor Steven Enke has pointed out that the present African revolution is in reality not "nationalist" ("for national independence") but tribal and racist. What is happening in Africa is not a struggle of Kenyans or Nigerians or Cameroonians to free their countries (nations) from oppressors. There *are* no countries of Kenya, Nigeria or Cameroon. The struggle is an upsurge of black men against white men; and in the North, of the mixed Arab masses against the white men of European origin. The black men aim to destroy the power and privilege of the white men; to take over their property, or most of it; and to permit white men to remain only as servants and handmaids—technicians and advisers, as we say nowadays—of black rulers, like the Christians of the *ra'iyeh,* impressed for the administrative and military services of the Ottoman Empire. The building of nations and empires, or geographical disintegration under the tribal impulse, can come later

The whites of Africa, like the African (and Harlem) blacks, know well enough the real nature of the African revolt. They cannot afford the Liberal-egalitarian illusions. Their careers, possessions, homes, and quite possibly their lives are at stake. They know also that from the perspective of Britain, Belgium, France and the United States they are indeed expendable. Hence their desperation.

Perhaps the great powers are right, judging from their corporate perspective. A black-ruled Africa, or black plus Arab, is not necessarily "lost" to the West. Economically, a black Africa could hardly avoid being a market, supply source and frontier of the West—if the black rulers are really interested in economic development. There are Westernized blacks in Africa, and there can be more. Politically and militarily, the West could keep black-ruled Africa at least neutralized in the world struggle. Perhaps, then, the metropolitan centers are right, by the rules of *Realpolitik,* to toss the white Africans into the pot. But this is not much of a consolation to the victims.

So the local white communities have not consented, and do not and will not willingly agree to the "independence" of the areas where they reside. They know that the independence formulas mean their drowning in the black wave.

The whites resist, and will resist. Where the white communities are very small, as in Ghana, Guinea, Sudan, Nigeria or the Congo, they can at most achieve a small delay. Where they are more considerable but still small percentage-wise, as in Kenya, they can hang on longer—after all, the Mau Mau, Tom Mboya's lineal predecessors, were smashed; but the outcome seems assured, and black, rather sooner than later.

The Palestine Example

In Southern Rhodesia, the Union of South Africa, and the somewhat different context of Algeria, where the white communities are of some size and are solidly rooted, they will hold out, they must hold out (for they have no choice, really), to the end—and it is not certain that the end will be their defeat. Through courage, resolution and political skill a handful of Jews has successfully taken on the whole Arab world. The white Europeans of South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Algeria are in no tougher a spot than the Jews in Palestine.

There is one critical difference between the position of the white, Christian, Western communities of Africa and that of the Palestinian Jews. The Jewish settlers—and invaders and terrorists—had, and have, the total backing of all the Jews of the world, even, in the showdowns, of the anti-Zionists. The white communities of Africa are denounced, rejected, condemned and even actively fought by most of the Christian, Western whites of the world. They are not included in the benisons of the Brotherhood Week that we have just finished celebrating.

Yet from the point of view of the West, even in terms of the coldest strategy, the fate of the white-cored communities in Algeria, Rhodesia and South Africa may well be decisive for the whole African continent in the struggle for the world.

Socialism Without Marx

A genial individualist goes on an exploratory journey to discover what has become of the old-time socialism now that the socialists are scuttling Marx

FRANK CHODOROV

It was great fun, in the old days, to heckle socialists. The doctrinaires claimed "scientific" exactitude for the gospel-according-to-Marx, and were inclined to do battle for their dogmas. Forty or thirty years ago there was no more enjoyable sport on the campus than to corner a Marxist and wrangle with him over the labor theory of value or historical inevitability or any of the "absolutes" of their creed. That kind of fun is denied the current student, for socialism is a disintegrating religion, and Marxism no longer has any orthodox believers.

After the official disavowal of Marx by the German socialists last November, I thought it might be interesting to find out what socialism without Marx might be. How better could I get the answer than by putting the question to avowed socialists? My first port of call was Transport House, London headquarters of the Labor Party. There I learned how difficult it is to describe English neo-socialism. It has no theoretical basis, and one is compelled to derive some sort of definition from a congeries of political programs, sometimes contradictory. This boils down to an abiding faith in the power of government to bring about "the good society," though there seems to be confusion as to the details of this desideratum.

Heretical Ideas in Britain

I was surprised to find that among the articulate English socialists there was a tendency to minimize the importance of economics. This is not true with the trade unionists, whose interest, as always, is in getting more. Their point of view cannot be disregarded by the political leaders of the Labor Party, since the unionists, by way of compulsory assessments, provide most of its funds. Yet the intellectuals are stressing values of the Good Life which have only a tangential relation to higher wages. The distinction between an economic and a social goal sounds strange to one accustomed to the classic socialist position.

Even capitalism has lost its demoniacal character in current socialist thought. C. A. R. Crossland, regarded by many as the braintruster for Hugh Gaitskell and the dominant wing of the Labor Party, writes, in *The Future of Socialism*: "I conclude that the definition [of capitalism] in terms of ownership, whether or not it was helpful a hundred years ago, has wholly lost its significance and interest now that ownership is no longer the clue to the total picture of social relationships; and that it would be more significant to define societies in terms of equality, or class relationships, or their political systems." This idea that private property does not in itself determine the character of society is heretical indeed, from the viewpoint of orthodox Marxism.

In Transport House (and later in Bonn), I learned that the new socialism takes its direction from postwar economic conditions. After all, the Englishman is a practical person, relying more on empirical knowledge than on theory. Certainly the trade unionist who owns a washing machine, a television set and perhaps an automobile feels no need for the old doctrine, and the intellectual must of necessity shape his thinking to the taste of that neo-kulak. To fire the imagination of his following, he is testing "accountability," "equality," "democracy" and "freedom" as replacements for what was implied in "Workers of the world, arise! You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

Moreover, in England as in our country, the white collar worker is becoming an increasingly important member of society, and his attitude is quite different from that of the traditional laboring man. Class consciousness is something he does not have or want. This burgeoning group cannot be appealed to by the old battle cries, so the socialist leaders must come up with new slogans.

Bureaucratic "Accountability"

They still talk of nationalization, but in softer terms. But one hears more about something called "accountability" than of nationalization. Experience has taught the English socialist that when the government gets control of an industry, the consumer loses power and a strike becomes a revolt against the government. The bureaucrat in charge becomes accountable only to himself, and even Parliament cannot affect his decisions. So various schemes are being advanced to make the bureaucrat accountable, at least to Parliament. One that is being talked of is a program of decentralization of nationalized industries — suggestive of Khrushchev's attempted solution of the same problem.

The word "accountability" is used in connection with another situation. The rising managerial class disturbs the socialists no end, not only because it constitutes an important social group in the community, but also because (the socialists say) the managers run privately owned business in a high-handed way, not accountable to the public or even the owners. They fix prices, determine dividends and, most particularly, are bent on building up vast and socially dangerous accumulations of capital. Apparently, according to the socialists, the market place has no influence on their management. In some way they must be made accountable.

"Equality" in the new socialist jargon has replaced the rah-rah of "solidarity." From the way it is used, it connotes social rather than economic egalitarianism. Not only must all class and racial distinctions be abolished, but even the encouragement of individual differences in capacities must be discontinued. The socialists, convinced of the equal perfectability of men, are all for state-controlled schools with uniform curricula regardless of individual capabilities.

Like American Liberals, the socialists throw in the word "democracy" whenever they can. It signifies not a method of deciding issues but a liquidation of indviduality, by coercion if necessary. The word "freedom" is likewise used in an indefinite way, but rarely in the sense of absence of political restraint; one is free only if one conforms to the going order. Their faith in the competence of political power to produce the good life, economically, socially, morally and culturally, is sublime. I startled one socialist by asking what I thought was a simple question: What will the Right and the Left be in the future? After a moment's reflection, he said that the distinction must be left to circumstances.

The socialists, in the three European countries I visited, are thinking only of the next election, and since they have no clearly defined theoretical position, they must play it by ear. Right now, for instance, the English socialists are for giving political independence to the remaining parts of the empire, for abolishing the atom bomb and forbidding nuclear testing. Pacificism is also a current enthusiasm and, of course, more welfarism is always to be desired.

Only Statism Remains

In a general way, what is true of English socialists is, with minor changes, true of French and German socialists. One Parisian answered my question, "What is socialism without Marx?" in this way: "There are no Marxists in France, but we are all socialists." That about sizes up the ideological situation in Europe. The masses have learned to live with welfarism, demand more of it; the intellectuals are convinced that all human problems can be solved by political power. If statism is a theory, then that is all there is left of the intellectual pretensions of socialism.

In France, when I was there a few weeks ago, the Left and the Right were divided on two political issues: Algeria and the question of schools.

The private schools (mostly Catholic), which handle about half of the school population, were asking for state help, and the Right were those who sided with them. The Left, more specifically the Socialist Party, were in opposition, not because they were anti-Catholic (many of them were in fact of that faith), but because they feared a resurgence of the power of the Church in public affairs. Egalitarianism also played a part in the controversy. The Right praised the superior education in the private schools, while the Left saw in this the seeds of a dangerous class distinction. On the colonial question, particularly with reference to Algeria, the socialists are for granting independence to every tribe that asks for it, while the Right is for retention of some semblance of empire. Neither Left nor Right represents a body of thought based on a clearly defined theory. Opportunism and the incidence of power determine the policies each side selects.

When you mention Marx to a socialist—English, French or German—you are likely to meet a stare that registers suspicion and incredulity. You are introducing a subject not mentioned these days in the best socialistic circles. One French lady recognized me for an innocent and indulgently explained the attitude of the sectarians toward their founding father. Marx, she said, could not have anticipated the technological advances of the past century; therefore, his theories, though valid in his time are not applicable today. However, she went on, his ideas saved the workers in their struggle to free themselves from bondage, and his general line of thought still gives direction to the socialist movement.

If you discount Marx's economic theories, what is left of his line of thought? Only the emotional complex which the opponents of Marx always maintained determined his thinking: that is, an admixture of venom and arrogance. The socialists still hate capitalism and capitalists, even though the rationale for this hatred has been abandoned, and they still enjoy the arrogance of being a superior sect.

In Germany the socialists have officially disavowed Marx. The Social Democratic Party at its last convention came up with a statement of policy—the Godesberg Program—that inferentially ditches every one of his theories. Neither Marx nor Marxism is mentioned in this document, but the disavowal is quite explicit in its acceptance of the free market economy as a means of achieving "socialist ends." Even the nationalization of industry is played down; it may or may not be resorted to, depending on circumstances.

Opportunism in Germany

Does this mean that the German socialists have been converted to capitalism? Perhaps a few have, but there is a strong suspicion among observers that the leaders are still dedicated Marxists, and have adopted the new line for tactical reasons only. Socialism, the orthodox kind, is quite unpopular in Germany. Thanks to a relatively free economy, these people have in fifteen years come up from the abject poverty of defeat to a high degree of prosperity, and are not inclined toward any change in the system. Besides, the memory of Hitlerian controls and interventions is still vivid in their minds. Under the circumstances, the sect, in its urgency for political preferment, has had to put its religion into cold storage. It is a me-too movement.

In Germany, then, socialism is purely opportunistic. The ostensible acceptance of the free economy is designed to keep the votes of workers who are doing well under the present system and are no longer enamored of the ancient slogans, and to attract others who are for one reason or another dissatisfied with the Adenauer party but are also against socialism. Among the latter are those who cannot stomach Marxian atheism, along with some incorrigible anti-Catholics.

All in all, the socialist movement in Europe tends to resemble our own Liberal movement. It has no theoretical base, and all that holds it together is a passion for political power. Its espousal of dissaffections and its encouragement of dissidences are Marxist in spirit, but its philosophy is reduced to sloganeering.

I came back from Europe with the conviction that conservatism—or libertarianism or individualism—is the only tendency that can lay claim to a philosophic base. But that is another story.

from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Statesmen and the Impossible

I should like to add to the searching textual analysis by Mr. W. F. Rickenbacker (*NR*, February 27) a thought or two on the problem of statesmanship recently raised by Professor Henry Steele Commager. Mr. Rickenbacker's demonstration serves as a warning to all casual readers: beware the tacit premise, the circular argument, the incompleted circuit. Beyond that, there is a point to be made.

Professor Commager, who is fast becoming America's Number One Worry Wart as he deplores the passing scene, has addressed an "urgent query" to readers of the *New York Times* Sunday Magazine section. Why, he asks with a nostalgic backward glance at the America of "Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton . . . James Madison . . . and a score of others," is it that we no longer have any statesmen?

Before attempting to deal with the professor's answers, I would like to suggest one of my own: we no longer have statesmen for the simple reason that we no longer have any sense of the limits of government. When men in power have no viable theory of what governments can and cannot do, they are hardly in a position to behave in a statesmanlike fashion.

The reason why the generation of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and the rest could act like "statesmen" derived from the nature of the public philosophy of the time: in the world of John Locke governments were instituted among men to protect people in their rights and liberties, which were clearly and fairly defined. Today the lines of demarcation between the "public" and the "private" weal are almost completely obliterated. Nobody knows what really belongs to him, nobody knows what he may or may not be permitted to do with his time and energies the day after tomorrow. And the "statesman," living in a world that offers a constant temptation to play God with the people's substance, invariably ends up by playing the Sorcerer's Apprentice.

Professor Commager, to do him justice, knows that something is the matter. But he can't quite put his finger on it. He is worried, for example, about the fact that modern houses no longer have space for playrooms, or even for books and a piano. Children, he laments, are "driven off the roads with our giant cars." And when they grow up and go to college we "professionalize" their sports "for the entertainment and profit of adults."

Well, what has the "statesman"—or his absence—got to do with all this? Presumably Professor Commager is trying to tell us that if we had "statesmen" in Washington they would legislate a world in which houses would have playrooms and pianos and in which roads would be turned into bicycle paths. But in raising the question of the children, Professor Commager leads right with his chin: the family that would like to have a playroom for the kids finds its dream going straight out the window with the $1,500 more or less which the Federal Treasury insists on grabbing out of every $10,000 income.

The trouble with the "statesmen," indeed, is that they are trying to do everything. Whether it is farming or education, electric power or the atom, the rebuilding of cities or the rehabilitation of regions, our federal "statesmen" are continually trying to get into the act. They are currently sluicing some 25 per cent of every income dollar into channels which they seek to dominate, and not unnaturally they are making a mess of things.

The fault, however, is not with the statesmen but with the people who elect them to office and ask them to do the impossible. The "statesman" is supposed to keep the price of pigs high for the farmer and low for the city consumer of bacon. He is supposed to give the dollar away to indigent Indians and Pakistanians and at the same time defend its value at home. He is supposed to keep commuting fares cheap without taking so much money away from the railroads that they cannot operate. He is caught in a hopeless cross-fire between tax foundations that want him to stop spending and pressure groups that are continually holding him up for more and more benefits and subsidies.

Pulled this way and that, the "statesman" doesn't know where he stands. And if he behaves less like a statesman than a common politician, isn't it because the modern public philosophy is one that Madison, Jefferson and the rest would never have recognized as defining the natural limits of government?

In writing about the disappearance of statesmen Professor Commager remarks that we no longer trust "democracy." The Twenty-Second Amendment, which prohibits a third Presidential term, is, he says, a vote of no-confidence in the political judgment of the future. The Founding Fathers, he says, wrote no such limitations on the expression of the Popular Will into the Constitution.

True enough, the Founders did not prohibit a third term to George Washington. But Washington, with his scrupulous sense of the limits of government, did not regard himself as an indispensable man. The public philosophy in the U.S. of the late eighteenth century wanted no kings, not even a permanently elected monarch. It was not until a modern "statesman" chose to jettison that ancient bit of wisdom that the people, sensing that one limit of government had been shattered, decided to legislate a return to old ways of doing things.

Professor Commager remarks, quite sanely for a change, that "nothing will more surely dry up the wellsprings of a genuine patriotism than the creation of a *mystique* of the state." Yet at the same time he deplores our failure to exalt such things as the TVA and public housing and even socialized medicine. He doesn't see that it is precisely when people turn to government for everything, from electric power to aspirin tablets, that the *mystique* of the state flourishes. And as the mystique gains momentum, statesmen naturally lose their sense of the possible. They mount their government steeds and try to ride off in all directions at once, which is hardly a statesmanlike act.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World

YOUR ECONOMIC I.Q. (From the Barnard *Alumnae Magazine*):

"Q. Why is Walter Reuther America's number one labor menace?

"A. Because he upsets businessmen so. He keeps getting new ideas. This isn't fair. Businessmen don't get many. He must be socialistic. Who else could be so bright?

"Q. Why is a balanced budget essential to American health?

"A. Because this is the only economics some people have ever learned. Actually, just as people with bigger incomes can afford to owe more money, nations with bigger incomes can stand larger national debts and the deficits which cause them."

BEYOND WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN (From the Bates *Student*): "Young (Rev.) Meredith Handspicker delivered a poignant message last Sunday morning concerning the incompetence, irrelevance and immaterialness of our Christian churches. Handspicker described some preachers as being very 'asinine' in that they preach on irrelevant issues, for example, why more than ever before more men are needed like Washington and Lincoln. The second part of what he called 'patented garbage' lies in the stress which is placed on psychotherapy. A number of churches have become 'capsules of information on how to avoid neurosis.' Many preachers, according to Handspicker, reserve their true Christian messages for special occasions, such as Easter and Christmas. But the only relevant words which can be found are God's love for mankind; words which Paul said 'cannot be improved upon.' . . .

"By evading the issues, churches are acting as social gatherers. Modern day churches have good programs mostly stressing the theme of how to win friends, influence people, be successful in life, and remain healthy and hardy. Handspicker's talk boiled down to one point: Churchmen and churchgoers are afraid to face issues. . . .

"There is little significance in having preachers sermonize on how we can become like Lincoln and Washington. What is important is, how we can become like Christ?"

UP FROM CHASTITY (From the *Daily Athenaeum,* "Serving West Virginia University Since 1887"): "PANEL MEMBERS FAIL TO AGREE WHETHER CHASTITY OUTDATED. A conflict of opinion took place last night among members of a panel discussing the final Life Week topic, 'Is Chastity an Outdated Ideal?' Chairs were at a premium at Moore Hall . . .

"[Psychology Professor Robert] Rankin stated that sexual behavior is learned and that sexuality is stimulated by external stimuli. He added if chastity is a norm, then the norm and behavior are different. Here he quoted Kinsey and said that chastity is outdated because more persons do not follow the norm than do. . . . [Professor of Social Work] Mrs. Ellison stated: 'I think that chastity is not a value or an ideal, but a custom. It is different for different individuals—according to needs. Persons reach different stages at different ages under different conditions.' She added that virginity is neither good nor bad but just exists." [The other two panelists were in favor of chastity.]

LET'S FACE IT (From the Harvard *Crimson*): "Basically, the Veritas group [an association of Harvard Alumni who have been critical of Harvard's leftward bias], objects to the 'liberal monoply' at Harvard and elsewhere, which allows 'subversives' to slip unnoticed into the faculty, and which permits smug and 'fuzzy-minded' liberalism to stand unchallenged within the academic community. Few deny the validity of their second criticism. Among most university faculties (and especially at Harvard) there is a certain devotion—often unquestioning—to Keynesian economics and the Democratic party, which, though hardly 'subversive,' shows an unhealthy one-sidedness. Perhaps well-qualified and articulate spokesmen of the conservative position are hard to come by, but it is unfortunate that Harvard's faculty ranks do not include more voices to challenge those of Seymour Harris and Arthur Schlesinger Jr."

AND TOMORROW? (from the Yale *Daily News*): "Yesterday we again expressed our apprehension that widespread Federal grants to research in our private universities would deprive those universities of a measure of the freedom required to pursue successfully the search for scientific truth. Behind our reasoning was the assumption that research properly demands leisure time unencumbered and uninterrupted by the necessity—a concomitant of Government grants—to furnish results on short order. . . the situation [here] has. . . immediate implications. Ten years ago, very little of Yale's research was supported by the Government. Today, roughly 60 per cent of University [science] research is carried on under Government auspices—either at their direct request, and under their surveillance, or through their monetary grants. Leaders in Yale science think that the proportion of Government aid will increase substantially during the next few years. . ."

"HARVARD IS OUR LEADER" (Title of editorial in the *Daily Northwestern*): "The search for the root of the concept that the American University must develop not only the intellect but the 'well rounded' and 'self-confident' social being has taken us to the puritanical origins of one: Harvard University . . . specifically [to] the college laws of Harvard, promulgated as early as 1642 . . . Northwestern—it is obvious—has made no move to cast off such laws, but instead finds cause to add to them each year. Following are excerpts from these Harvard college laws, the student handbook of its time:

"All students shall . . . take care that others may avoid all swearing, lying, cursing, needless asseverations, foolish talking, scurrility, babbling, filthy speaking, chiding, strife, railing, reproaching, abusive jesting, uncomely noise, uncertain rumors, divulging secrets . . . as being they who would shine before others in exemplary life . . ."

De Gaulle's Strategy in Algeria

The irony lies in the fact that Algerian 'nationalism' is merely a mimicry of jaded Western symbols. De Gaulle understands this

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

I arrived in Algiers just as the barricades came down and Lagaillarde surrendered, somewhat arrogantly, to the Army. Together with the fugitive Ortiz, he continues to be idolized by the *colons.* I did not meet a single native Algerian of French, Spanish, Italian or Maltese descent who does not sympathize with the rebellion. An innkeeper, a resolute old lady, labelled de Gaulle a "deserter in World War Two"; another *colon* contended bitterly that the metropolitan French are all washed up and that "autonomy" for Algeria is the shortest road to the repetition of the cases of Morocco and Tunis ("only much faster and far more disastrously to the non-Moslem element"); a third spat when I mentioned Debré. The question remains whether these men and women are right or wrong; whether the "insurgents" acted wisely or in good faith; or whether the *évenements regréttables,* as they are called, were the result of a colossal misunderstanding.

To grasp the nature of the turmoil which shakes Africa from Algiers to the Rhodesias (and tomorrow to Capetown), one must consider, first, the tension between Washington and Moscow, both of whose propaganda organs constantly pour forth their competing forms of egalitarianism; second, the great Western heresy that freedom (the very genius of our civilization!) can best be assured by conscientiously counting the votes of all those twenty-one or over; and last, America's tendency to apply the word "colonialism" not only to the British "extensions" across the oceans, but also to the work that Belgians, French, British, Portuguese, etc., have done in the tropics—work of an entirely different nature.

In analyzing the six-year-old Moslem rebellion in Algeria, we must remember that few ideas or ideologies are dynamically at work there which are *not* of Western origin. With or without "independence," the native cultures are dying, and Western notions are spreading in every direction. In China we see the clash of Karl Marx and Christianity, in India the English language is conquering the nation, in Iraq there is hardly a tenet of obsolete Western ideology which is not being tried out and perverted one way or another. It is, after all, in the nature of revolutionary ideology to cause a splash whose ripples, extending in concentric circles, continue on long after the center has returned to its pristine immobility. What are we witnessing now in Africa is the belated birth of "national democracy," and of the ideas behind the French Revolution—movements which, belonging to an age of scission and parochialism rather than to one of federation and alliances, have come two generations too late. To read the press of the synthetic countries of Ghana and Nigeria, in which the editors of both furiously claim each to be more genuinely "nationalistic" than the other, is to see the movement at its most pathetic.

A Primitive Land

Only in the mimicry of the West can we explain the sudden rise of an Algerian nationalism and the zeal for it which prompts young men of Moslem background to fight and to die. For, unlike Morocco, Algeria has never had a glorious past nor a coherent history, nor boasted of a single great man (with the exception of Camus, who was a *colon*). Throughout history Algeria has been famed only for the depredations of her pirates! It has always been a crude and primitive country, successfully ravaged and invaded, and long held under Roman, Arab and French domination. Most of its archeological treasures are Roman. In the interior the descendants of the old Hamitic Berbers, having suffered and rejected all sorts of veneers of cultural form, continue to live. Today many of them hate the French as they hated the Romans and Arabs before them. De Gaulle, curiously enough, impresses them. Africans like generals.

The *colons,* who are only partly French, settled after 1830. They are a sturdy race, inclined to be brutal and abrupt and to show the superiority they feel toward the original population. The "Christian" farmer, working day in and day out with the Moslem, has a better and more human way with him than the *colon* who is urban: Algerian nationalism feeds on resentment against the *colons* rather than against metropolitan France. Much of it could be expressed in the startling formula: "If you clear out, we can show you that we can be as French as you are." Whatever the final fate of Algeria, one has only to visit independent Tunisia or Morocco to see that French culture and civilization are here to stay in North Africa. Habib Bourguiba is culturally a hundred per cent French (his wife *is* French), and Ferhat Abbas of the FLN cannot even speak Arabic. In a way the revolt of the FLN (and the much weaker MNA) is not so much the revolt of students against their teacher as of students with bad marks against prize students and only incidentally against a teacher who appears to coddle them. With the grinds out of the way, they can move to the head of the class.

The Second Vote

If the *colons* are rough, they also have their virtues. Americans must realize that for well over a hundred years Europe has sent its best sons and daughters into the colonies. The colonies were Europe's frontiers—the safety valve for exuberant energy which, unfortunately, Germany lacked. Despite the Casbah nesting romantically in its midst, Algiers is the most modern, as well as the second largest, French city, with skyscrapers, beautiful avenues, gorgeous squares. Walking over its steets one cannot conceive that some day murderous bands of Fellaghas may roam through its ruins, burning, mutilating, raping, slaughtering. Though one is politely asked in many a café or restaurant to open one's bag, though the buses have elaborate metal grills in order to prevent bombs being thrown into them, and soldiers with tommy guns are about, the strength of the Fellaghas is confined to the mountains of Kabylia and the Aurès.

The *colons* have the sad mass emigration of Frenchmen from the former French protectorates of Morocco and Tunisia before their eyes, and they do not trust Paris. Neither do they trust de Gaulle, because he spoke of "autodetermination" and they know that while the vast majority of Moslems prefer the civilized rule of the French to the murderous dictatorship of the Fellagha, almost certainly many would cave in under pressure. They insist that the vote in September produced a clear YES for France and they wonder why de Gaulle talked about a "final" plebiscite once peace and order are really restored.

There are even many loyal Moslems who point out that the very mention of a second vote is suspicious, that what they expect from France is absolute firmness. In their loyalty to France they suffer under the psychological handicap that while the French may threaten them with jail, the FLN promises death and torture. Between the knife and bars, they often choose bars against their true convictions. They only have to look at booming Algeria and the terrible economic crisis of Tunisia and Morocco to know where progress lies.

And Algeria is booming indeed! The metropolitan French—who, in fact, would not dream of giving up Algeria and their access to the treasures of the Sahara—are throwing every available means from their prospering economy into Algeria. Roads, airdromes, factories, dwellings, entire villages, entire cities (like Orléansville, 85 per cent destroyed in the 1954 earthquake) are mushrooming. The French realize that only industrialization and modernization and a sharp improvement in communications will sap the strength of the FLN. This new French aggressiveness is bolstered by an immense educational campaign, carried out largely by the Army which is the real master in Algeria. All is a part of the concerted and largely successful effort to attach the population to France. Today many of the policemen in Algiers are Arabs (*i.e.,* of Berber, Vandal, Phoenician, Roman, Arab mixture), and young Moslems are all methodically drafted into the Army which gives them a French education. Practically all Moslems write in French; few read Arabic.

Why Rebellion?

In the face of such enormous economic expansion financed by metropolitan France why did three—not too well synchronized — organizations of the *colons* rebel? Did they have some army support? They might have had a few very vague promises from individual officers and calculated quite rightly that the army would not fire at fellow Frenchmen. Not knowing metropolitan France, many of them even expected that the 13th of May, 1958 could be repeated, that an even more authoritarian and more "unconditionally French" government would take over in Paris and solemnly rescind de Gaulle's declaration on the fate of Algeria, *i.e.,* the triple choice of independence, autonomy, or total integration. Only as a part of the fifty million Frenchmen from Tamanrasset to Dunkirk do the *colons* feel absolutely safe. Autonomy to them is the first step towards Fellagha rule. And thus de Gaulle, whom in a way they have brought to the Elysée Palace, is in their eyes a traitor, a weak "European" compromiser.

The answer is that the *colons* do not know de Gaulle or the world situation. De Gaulle realizes that he has to face the world's public opinion and that therefore he has to talk the lingo of "democracy," which implies "self-determination." He believes little in democracy (he has always been a monarchist and authored *Le Fil de l'Épee,* anything but a democratic treatise!), but he knows that American opinion will be on his side only if he lives up to democratic procedures and principles. Democracy, while averse to fake elections or totalitarian measures, permits "persuasion" in all its forms. De Gaulle is convinced that France has the better course; that through social measures, industrial progress, education and general welfare, France can transform Algeria into a paradise as compared to the surrounding Moslem countries. He is therefore in *no* hurry for the final plebiscite which he promised for some time after all hostilities have ended. The FLN was put on the spot, for they know that they will not get a majority in a truly free election. Yet in continuing to act as terrorists, they play into de Gaulle's hands, for he needs time. The aid which the Moslem population more and more accords to the "French" troops (at least a third of them are Moslems) shows that the bonds of fear are gradually being broken.

Western Labels

It is, then, a misunderstanding of de Gaulle's policy which drove the *colons* into their act of heroic despair. Who is to be blamed for this needless loss of human life? Though loyal to his commander-in-chief, an army officer to whom I spoke nevertheless criticized him for the sybilline character of all his utterances, for a vagueness in speech which often leaves his Algerian listeners in doubt and anxiety. I had to remind my interlocutor of the powers which rule the Western World, people who have no idea about the local situations they so blandly and often disastrously judge by senseless generalities, inapplicable principles and clichés. That some political system smacking of "colonialism" might be infinitely more beneficent to the common good and to individual freedom is never perceived by these mighty nations. The *colons* undoubtedly were caught in their own parochialism; the "anticolonialists" in Washington and Moscow—on whose financial aid the "new nations" speculate so confidently—in theirs. De Gaulle has to steer the course between Scylla and Charbydis. He has done it with far more skill than his enemies—or friends—would have credited him with.

But in the meantime Frenchmen have killed Frenchmen. They are victims of labels which have nothing to do with a stern, simple, grim reality.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

They Are Stirring in the Colleges

AWARE, the New York organization against Communism in the theater and allied arts, held its sixth annual educational conference on February 27 at the Hotel Wellington, with Mrs. Lucille Cardin Crain as moderator. Despite a lack of funds—there was not money enough to print the program—AWARE drew a larger audience than last year. And the speeches by college students were better, perhaps, than in any previous year.

Three college teachers spoke: Miss Ruth Klein of the department of speech at Brooklyn College; Father Francis O'Brien, now doing social work on the lower East Side; and Professor Martin Weinbaum, of the history department of Queens College, who knows much about Marx and Engels. The rising generation had five representatives: Mr. Harvey Bartle III, of Princeton; Miss Annette Yvonne Courtemanche, of Molloy College (surely the most beautiful champion conservative doctrines ever found); Mr. Douglas Caddy, of Georgetown; Mr. David Franke, of George Washington University (these two the founders of the National Student Committee for the Loyalty Oath); Mr. Paul Jankievicz, a brand-new instructor at New Paltz State Teachers College. Mr. Herbert Romerstein and Mr. Charles Wiley showed their films of the Communist Youth Festival in Vienna.

The students were amazingly eloquent, systematic, and self-possessed. Much of the discussion at the conference had to do with the decay of schooling in America; but if these young people were representative samples—which, alas, they are not—of American collegians nowadays, we could forget about the restoration of learning. They knew their educational theory and their constitutional doctrines. I can remember the radical student leaders of the Thirties; and they were immature and unconvincing by the side of these young conservatives. Perhaps the Oxford and Cambridge young Fabians of the Twenties had the same cool competence. None of the student speakers seemed much dismayed by campus radicals; what depressed them was the indifference and political ignorance of the mass of American collegians.

In the course of questions from the floor, the United States National Student Association was discussed. This writer happens to be a member of the national advisory council of that association. In 1958 and 1959, the inclination of conservative students was to work for the withdrawal of their colleges from the NSA. But now most of them seem to think they can do more good by participating actively in the Association—one sign that their influence is growing. Some national officers of the NSA now are conservatively-inclined, and the Association appears to be moving slowly away from "ritualistic" Liberalism toward more prudent attitudes.

These AWARE students were not the New Neanderthals of Liberal caricature. Aware, among other matters, of the real meaning of academic freedom, they spoke up for variety of opinions and high academic standards. Mr. Bartle of Princeton remarked that intelligent conservatives do not desire a universal triumph of conservative ideas in the colleges; all they ask for is a fair field for expression of notions that were not hatched yesterday.

Whether the University of Indiana has such conservative undergraduates as these, I do not know. Indiana generally is a conservative state; but not many intelligently conservative students seem to have rallied, in Bloomington, to the cause of Professor Jerome Ellison, of the department of journalism, who was given notice by the Indiana administration last December. Mr. Ellison's crime was that he had published in the *Saturday Evening Post* two articles criticizing the low standards and the cheating in American colleges, particularly state universities. One gang of Hoosier undergraduates, on the contrary, hanged Professor Ellison in effigy. I wish there were at Bloomington a Mr. Franke or a Miss Courtemanche to be his advocate.

On perhaps a hundred campuses, at any rate, there are active student conservative clubs. Mr. Victor Milione reported briefly to AWARE on the progress which the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists is making as coordinator of such societies, and with its lively newsletter. The Society has established a new Middlewestern office in Indianapolis, and is conducting a series of seminars on various campuses; one of these discussions will be held at Princeton—where, as yet, there is no conservative association or even a Republican club.

Recently this writer spoke to the Conservative Students' Club at the University of Minnesota, on "Politics in an Age of Science." I was somewhat surprised at the friendliness of the audience, which included many young instructors and graduate students. Even in Minnesota, I suspect, the future is not to the Hubert Humphreys. At Minneapolis, the faculty sponsor of the Conservative Club is Professor Mark Graubard, a well-known historian of science, a redoubtable adversary to Communists precisely because in the days of youthful enthusiasm he was a Communist himself. Nowadays the American Communists must recruit almost no students of Mr. Graubard's energy and talent.

If Mr. Nixon obtains the Presidency, and seeks young people for an imaginatively conservative national Administration, he can find them—quite as numerous, I think, as the young radicals who flocked into Washington after Roosevelt, and considerably better endowed with practical talents. From Princeton to New Paltz State Teachers, they are stirring.

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Brash, Breezy—and Balderdash

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Here Today . . . , so Louise Tanner, a post-Mary McCarthy product of Vassar, calls her book (Crowell, $4.50). The imputation, brash as are most things that emerge from the great sophistication factory up at Poughkeepsie, is that her fourteen symbolic Americans, ranging from F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edna St. Vincent Millay of the Jazz Age to William F. Buckley Jr. and John W. (*After the Lost Generation*) Aldridge of the Grey Fifties, will be gone tomorrow.

Since Shelleys aren't born every year, she may be right. But Mrs. Tanner doesn't really believe her own propaganda. Sure enough, the attitudes of Fitzgerald and Millay, the hopes of Whittaker Chambers and the young Charles A. Lindbergh, the dreams of Brenda Frazier and Barbara Hutton, are as dated now as Shirley Temple's first picture. But every so often it dawns on Mrs. Tanner that she doesn't really know the people she is writing about. There was, she suspects, more to them than attitudes. And with this realization comes a grudging respect: even the worst of them had verve, commitment, a feeling that life is not something to be lukewarm about. In consequence, her book, which began with a concern for changing values, ends up as a paean to yesterday's vitality.

But I, as a veteran of the ancient wars, am not satisfied. Reading her, I feel like the Bernal Diaz del Castillo of Archibald MacLeish's *Conquistador*:

> . . . but I
> Fought in those battles! There were my own deeds!
> These names he writes of mouthing them out as a man would
> Names in Herodotus—dead and their wars to read. . . .
>
> . . . Lives forgotten
> deeds honored in strangers
>
> "That which I have myself seen and the fighting." . . .

And, having seen the fighting, I insist that verve and values cannot lightly be split apart. The trouble with Mrs. Tanner is that she is herself a rebel without a cause, like the James Dean whose roundhouse swings in a vacuum made him the hero of the movie-going adolescents of the Fifties. She speaks of the "search for values" reflected in "William Buckley's attempts to truncheon his professors into the worship of an ancient God" and in John W. Aldridge's "own nostalgia for the long-lost 'stimulant of heresy.'" But she cannot herself regard philosophical choices as important enough to fight about.

Lacking her own cause, she cannot follow up her occasional insights. She realizes that Scott Fitzgerald, despite his human failings, was one of the last American writers to take the novel form seriously, and that he displayed considerable "iron" in sitting at his typewriter even when his personal world was dissolving. She realizes that Edna Millay was the poet of "cosmic terror" and "delicate love in hardy bloom" as well as the fashionable evangel of flaming youth. And she can see that Lindbergh had good reasons for wishing to escape the "pawing" of the crowd. But, although she recognizes that men and women live beyond the moments when they first burst upon the world, she fails to explore the more mature implications of that fact. And so she never really comes to know just who and what her most serious characters are.

Invariably her portraits, which are intended as "archetypes," end up as stereotypes. She writes of Whittaker Chambers as one who rather enjoyed the "confessional" aspects of his appearance before congressional committees. But I, echoing Bernal Diaz del Castillo ("These were my friends: these . . . my companions") recall vividly the day when Whittaker Chambers sat brooding at his desk at Time, Inc., fearful that he would be called to Washington to testify. Looking apprehensively in the direction of his managing editor's office, he said mournfully, "People don't like informers." Nevertheless he went to Washington because he had to, bringing to an end a decade in which he had taken joy in writing about such diverse things as Rebecca West's cattle and Reinhold Niebuhr's conception of sin. As he once quietly remarked during this period, he was one ex-Communist who made his living writing about things which had nothing to do with his past. Since he was thoroughly wrapped up in the problems of being a Maryland dairyman, and since he had never told his children about his days in the underground, it is at least a reasonable presumption that he would have given a good deal to have remained comfortably anonymous to the end of his days.

Again, Mrs. Tanner treats Lindbergh as a "Columbus who thought the world was flat." But Lindbergh was so convinced in 1939 of the world's roundness that he considered a war within the West might lead to Communist and Oriental capture of the "great globe itself." Lindbergh's mistake was not in underestimating the democracies' military might; it was in overestimating Hitler's military brains.

THE PERIOD between the two world wars began with a preoccupation with freedom and ended in capitulation to nihilists who were conformists in their nihilism. The reason for the debacle is not that freedom itself has defective values as an energizer. The "revolution" went wrong because the "inner-directed" people of the Twenties failed to see that freedom, in a social setting, must have a logic of inalienable rights if it is to be defended against the flabby conformism of "other-directed" and "organization" men. Even if one can only dimly apprehend the necessary logic, one must still go on looking for it as the condition of remaining human. When people like Max Eastman and John Dos Passos couldn't find the logic in socialism, they went looking elsewhere. (John Dos Passos is one "archetype" which Mrs. Tanner missed completely.) The quest for freedom's necessary logic cannot be dismissed as Mrs. Tanner dismisses it, by making snide remarks about Whittaker Chambers' alleged love for "violence" or about William F. Buckley Jr.'s supposed zest in a crusade aimed at "smashing the test tubes."

Far from wanting to "smash test tubes," Mr. Buckley has assailed the American university because it has, in many instances, gone over to the latter-day orthodoxy that the "truths" of Katmandoo and Kew must always remain on a par, which is another way of saying that test tubes are irrelevant. But in exalting relativism as a theory, the universities don't give every theory its equal chance. Far from believing in the inductive process, the new orthodoxy excludes the possibility that an induction from history might cast some doubt on the legitimacy of Keynesian equations. Mrs. Tanner's picture of the modern university as a place where all values get equal scrutiny is as cockeyed as her attempt to read cosmic importance into the careers of Babs Hutton, Brenda Frazier and Shirley Temple. Not until Harvard hires Friedrich Hayek to engage in direct year-long debate with J. Kenneth Galbraith will Mrs. Tanner's picture of the "impartial" American university be remotely true.

In writing about Claude Batchelor, one of the defectors who went over to the Communists in Korea, Mrs. Tanner remarks that in high school he had obviously never heard of the liquidation of the kulaks, the Moscow trials, and other Soviet crimes. It does not occur to her that the reason for this lack of knowledge might be found in a certain blindness on the part of Liberal newspapers and teachers and authors whom she accepts as having the "Anglo-Saxon genius for compromise." If people could go through high school without hearing about the Moscow trials, is it any wonder that Joe McCarthy should jump to conclusions some fifteen years later about a "conspiracy" of intellectuals to keep the truth about Communism from becoming known? I don't buy the conspiracy theory myself; I merely think that American Liberals went wrong because their values were defective. If that makes me a "value inculcator" for my own anti-collectivist cause, I'll have to risk the chance that for Mrs. Tanner I'm merely "here today . . ."

Fiction Chronicle

Joy Is Taboo

GEORG MANN

READING four of the new novels—*Ourselves to Know,* John O'Hara (Random House, $4.95); *Two Weeks in Another Town,* Irwin Shaw (Random House, $4.95); *The Center of the Green,* John Bowen (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.50); *The Sea Change,* Elizabeth Jane Howard (Harper, $3.95)—makes a reviewer feel like a sports reporter single-handedly trying to cover a sexual Olympics. Notebook in hand, he stands in the midst of a polyglot horde of competitors, all straining for the starter's gun. In few places outside of brassiere advertisements is there such singleminded and appallingly humorless concentration upon sex.

In this company, even early Joyce Cary in his *Charley Is My Darling* (Harper, $3.95) is refreshing, albeit his concern is with juvenile delinquency. His hero, an undersized, hyperthyroid successor to Huck Finn, is a London slum-child, evacuated to a rural England that still speaks exclusively in diphthongs. And even Charley manages a few sexual shenanigans as a relaxation between car-stealing, purse-snatching and house-breaking. Though this is minor Cary, frenetic, rather than cloud-shaking with Gulley Jimson, it is very good indeed. The style is bubbly, and his characters, for all their justified quaking, quailing and elaborate guilt feelings, also manage to enjoy themselves. The enjoyment of life, if we are to judge by the other novels, is the one topic that remains taboo.

John Bowen, in sharply-etched prose, depicts characters who lack neither jobs nor minimum creature comforts, and who find it impossible to organize themselves to meet daily living. One of the heroes in *The Center of the Green* indulges in compulsive—and extremely unattractive—satyriasis. Another, after an ineffectual suicide attempt, is left to the tender mercies of Group Therapy. Here are the real hollow men, fifteen years after the end of World War Two; freed from *Angst* over making a living, they are completely unable to make a life, shifting their burdens to other, convenient shoulders.

Elizabeth Jane Howard is, appropriately enough, another dish of tea. While Bowen depicts with clinical preciseness the dying twitches of the British middle class, she proves that there'll always be an English novel of a certain type. Once again in *The Sea Change* we have the market-tested, sensitively-written product, the story of the ingenuous daughter of the vicarage whose mere presence amid the gilded and sinful life of *artistes* leads them to the good, the true, and the almost plausible. By merely being, she transforms a lecherous aging playwright into a kindly father image, bathed in the glowing colors of the Greek islands. If this kind of thing routinely happens during a stay in the islands, it will be no boon to the tourist trade.

IN O'Hara and Shaw, we come to a different commodity. They are major producers of the Buicks and Oldsmobiles of our literary Detroit, chrome-decorated to the brisket, two-toned, too big to park comfortably, impressive to the neighbors, and designed with full knowledge of the data of marketing research.

The markets vary slightly. O'Hara is still a child of the Twenties, obsessed with the trivial social distinctions of easstern Pennsylvania when possession of money for two generations was the local equivalent of 64 quarterings. *Ourselves to Know,* offers a higher sexual proof than the competition, as his style walks a perilous tightrope between the circumlocutions of the late Elinor Glyn and the explicitness of the more popular pornographers. To fill the gaps that sheer exhaustion is bound to bring in his chronicle of sexual activity, his characters also make money with considerable skill, social climb with a delicacy that almost obscures the essential obscenity of their objectives, dabble in the arts, and indulge in cosmic speculations as profound as a layer of cream floating on top of a cup of Boston coffee.

In an over-elaborate narration, O'Hara unravels the history of a dim Pennsylvania gentleman who shot his wife shortly after the turn of the century because of some of the most aggressive nymphomania known to literature. In spite of his technical tortuosity, O'Hara's punches are telegraphed in advance. If the accumulation of detail could create character, however, O'Hara would be in free.

Irwin Shaw's main theme is the withdrawal pains of going Hollywood. The hero of *Two Weeks in Another Town*, an ex-movie star currently embedded in the Paris headquarters of NATO and more than half-way through his third wife, flies down to Rome to help a friend complete a movie. In a hectic two weeks, he is slugged, seduced, attacked with a knife, teeters on the brink of a return to the movies, and associates with a revolting beatnik for whose genius the author expects us to take his word. While swirling through the hotels and cafés of Rome, the leading character sometimes forgets his own troubles long enough to ponder on the art of movie making and the danger of the next World War. It soon becomes clear to the reader why the hero is so bored with himself.

Shaw flexes his fingers over the familiar keys of the modern emotions without producing a new tune. What virtue there is in the novel stems from Shaw's own origins in the generation of the Thirties that worried about World War Two before it happened, and suffered through it when it did. But it becomes almost impossible to take a character of so little intellectual ballast seriously enough to become concerned with his cosmic *Weltschmerz*. One feels he ought to take a walk around the block before trying two weeks in another town, even if the town is Rome.

Who Killed Political Philosophy?

WILLMOORE KENDALL

All histories of political philosophy are abominable, and for two excellent reasons. Nobody knows enough to write a history of political philosophy. And if, *per impossibile*, someone did know enough to write a history of political philosophy, the last thing he would take time for would be to write a history of political philosophy.

Why does no one know enough to write a history of political philosophy? Again for two excellent reasons. In the first place, the mastering of any single one of the books that the tradition has identified as the great ventures in political study requires not that hasty reading over the week-end that will enable another chapter in a "history," but months and years and even decades of living with, of rethinking, of what I like to call "universal confrontation of the text." No lifetime is long enough to permit a man to do that with many texts. Indeed, the more texts a man tries to do it with, the *less* optimistic he becomes about the possibility of doing it with many more, because he understands better and better the vastness of the undertaking.

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI: ". . . Killing political philosophy is no longer 'wrong' . . . That . . . is exactly how Machiavelli not only intended the story to come out, but took measures to make sure it did."

Secondly, the more a man learns about political philosophy the less interested he becomes in its history as such—as contrasted with the constantly recurring problems (the same problems, some of us believe, in every age) with which it deals.

This is not to say, of course, that no historical problems arise in connection with political philosophy, or that these problems (provided one knows why one raises them) are without interest: The Greeks, as Mrs. Disraeli was never able to remember, came before the Romans, Socrates before Plato, and Plato before Aristotle, and Aristotle before Cicero. Those who came after were able, had they the humility and wit to do so (which they did not always have), to pick up the problems where their predecessors left off. So, as we understand how the great men of political philosophy are related to one another with respect to the great problems, we do come out with a kind of history. But this "history" is worthy of attention not because it is history, not because it tells us what happened, but because of the light it throws on such urgent questions as: What *are* the real problems? What is the extent of our continuing ignorance of the solutions?

The Greeks came, we repeat, before the Romans; but above all the classical political philosophers and the medieval political philosophers came before Machiavelli, and Machiavelli before Hobbes, Hobbes before Locke, Locke before Burke and Rousseau and the Federalists, Burke and Rousseau and the Federalists before Kant and Hegel, Kant and Hegel before Marx, before Hitler, and before our present-day positivists and historicists—before, that is, the present-day denial of the very possibility of political philosophy. Now, whatever else there is to be said about our histories of political philosophy, and even conceding, reluctantly, that they make a certain amount of sense about the "story" from Plato to, say, Dante, nothing can be more certain than that they go to pieces when they come to Machiavelli. Of Machiavelli, as of each of his great successors, we have a vast series of wildly conflicting interpretations, over against which you just pays your money and takes your choice.

Professor Leo Strauss, whose newly-published *What is Political Philosophy?* (Free Press, $6.00) is the occasion for the present statement, has created over the past thirty years a vast and fascinating literature whose central purpose we can now see to have been from the beginning that of making sense of the great political thinkers of the modern period—*not* by writing a "history" of them. I suppose one could now piece together out of his works a sort of history. I doubt that he would thank anyone for doing so, and this was certainly not his aim. What he has done is to take up the writers in question, one at a time, and to stay with each until—to use one of his own favorite phrases—he understood him *as he understood himself.*

As for those wildly-conflicting interpretations, his contention has always been that, if we fail to make sense out of the writings of a Hobbes or a Spinoza or a Rousseau, that is probably because we have not given ourselves the pains to learn to read them. The difficulty we have in reading them is itself a problem for political philosophy—perhaps, until we learn how to read them, *the* problem. We have been attempting to read them from the wrong vantage point in time, and with the wrong question on our lips: namely, "What did they 'contribute' to political philosophy?" —where the right question is, "Who killed political philosophy, and how?". And that question *we,* corrupted as we are by the very thinkers we seek to understand, can hope to answer only by approaching it from a vantage point philosophically prior to the murder; that is, from within the classical and Biblical tradition our suspects (as we may now fairly call them) have (as from within the tradition we clearly see) not *sought* to undermine and destroy, but *have* undermined and destroyed.

THE Strauss investigation over the years emerges, with the publication of his two latest books, as that of a detective who starts out with a dead body, that of political philosophy (if you want to see it yourself, go take a look at pretty much any political science department) whose former owner may or may not have died a natural death. At the beginning we do not know whether a crime has been committed, or, if one has, what is the nature of that crime. The one thing we can be sure of is that if a crime was committed, the criminal or criminals will have attempted to cover their tracks. But also, wishing in the end to have the credit for having committed the crime successfully—thus wishing us in a sense to find them out—they will have left us the clues we need.

Like all good detective investigations, it is revealed to us with a considerable element of "suspense." The "master-mind" of the crime came to light only with the publication, last year, of *Thoughts on Machiavelli.*[1] Only then did we learn that we were not dealing with a criminal but with a criminal syndicate; worse still, with a criminal syndicate that develops in each generation a new master-mind who carries the crime a little further and gives it a new "twist"; and, again worse still, that the greatest crime of the syndicate is not so much the murder (though a collective and continuous murder there has indeed been) but the creation of a state of affairs where committing the murder is no longer a crime at all, but a ticket to respectability and honor. Killing political philosophy is no longer "wrong"; it can't be, because everybody, including the nicest people one encounters at faculty-meetings, does it. That, if I understand Professor Strauss, is exactly how Machiavelli not only intended the story to come out, but took measures to make sure it did.

What is Political Philosophy? includes, among other things, the clearest statement we have from Professor Strauss of the method he has developed for reading the modern political philosophers. It contains, too, brilliant restatements of traditional teaching on the great problems of political philosophy and a running attack on relativism, positivism and historicism. Both of these should be not required reading but scripture for everyone who likes to think of himself as a conservative. Taken together with the *Machiavelli,* moreover, it extends to any who wish to have it what has hitherto been a privilege reserved to a handful of students at the New School and the University of Chicago—that of learning political philosophy at the feet of *the* great teacher of political philosophy, not of our time alone, but of any time since Machiavelli. What is more, they will come away from reading him better, more virtuous men. For Professor Strauss, though (to use a phrase he is fond of) he would never seek to be edifying, *is* edifying in and of himself.

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[1] Reviewed in this section June 6, 1959.

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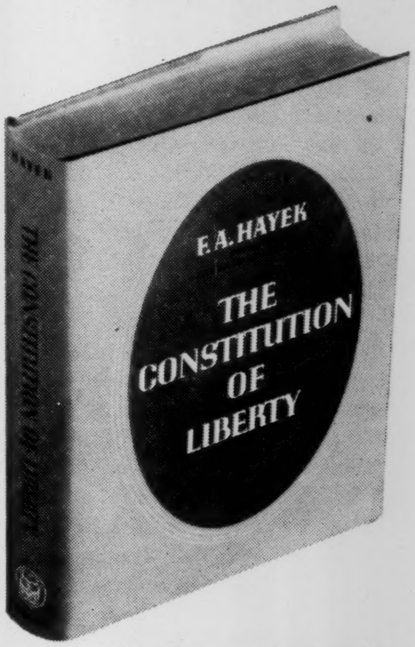

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A Forgotten Crusader

REV. RICHARD GINDER

THEY ABOLISHED black slavery in the British Empire as early as 1833, but white slavery flourished almost until 1900. As told by Charles Terrot in *Traffic in Innocents* (Dutton, $3.75), it is a story of obscene horror and gallant courage.

In 1875, the age of consent in England was raised to thirteen. Any girl of that age could legally consent to her own seduction. Before that, it had been twelve. A poor girl who survived to her teens might fetch $100. A middle-class girl of the same age might cost $500. An upper-class child, provided she were beautiful and refined and not more than twelve, might sell for $2,500, since this last involved outright kidnapping.

Some infants were raised for exclusively lewd purposes, but most of the girls were procured by deceit. They would come up from the country in answer to an ad for a serving maid or a children's nurse. During the interview, the door would be slammed on them and bolted, and that was that. Others, standing confused in the railroad station, would be met by a motherly type who would invite them home for a cup of tea. One procuress roved the stations and parks in the garb of a nun. Others posed as theatrical booking agents. Still others offered to teach dressmaking.

Once captured, the girls were drugged or beaten into submission and then transported to the *maisons de débauche* on the Continent, Paris, Brussels and Antwerp being the largest centers of this rotten traffic. There was total collusion between the police and the slave-traders in Belgium.

It seems incredible to us now, but the law simply was not interested. The *Tablet*, England's leading Catholic weekly, was among the few papers agitating for reform, but nothing was done until William Thomas Stead entered the battle.

A gifted journalist, Stead joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1877 at the age of 28, and speedily turned it from a rather indifferent newspaper into one of the most influential journals in the kingdom. On May 23, 1885, an elderly humanitarian, Benjamin Scott, called at Stead's office and begged him to join the battle against white slavery. Scott recalled that one proposed measure of reform had been talked to death in Parliament the day before. He had just lost a case against one of the most notorious slave-traders in England, a Mrs. Jeffries, "but," he said hopelessly, "how can we win when she actually sends out circulars to the members of Parliament advertising 'new attractions'?" Stead was appalled. He visited with the president of the Council for the Protection of Women and Children, who refused to act. Scotland Yard strongly advised him to stay away from the subject, and Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, refused absolutely to let the police put any evidence at his disposal.

In Coming Issues

W. W. Rostow's *Stages of Economic Growth,* reviewed by Warren Nutter

Collected Essays of Allen Tate, reviewed by Hugh Kenner

Ralph de Toledano's *Lament for a Generation,* reviewed by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

A roundup review of biographies of Presidential candidates by L. Brent Bozell

The Constitution of Liberty, by F. A. Hayek, reviewed by Frank S. Meyer

To Moscow—and Beyond, by Harrison E. Salisbury, reviewed by Eugene Lyons

Full Circle: The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, reviewed by Forrest Davis

The Edge of the Sword, by Charles de Gaulle, and Volume III of de Gaulle's *War Memoirs,* reviewed by Thomas Molnar

F. E. Smith, by Lord Birkenhead, reviewed by Sir Shane Leslie

Nevertheless, Stead pushed on. He decided to arouse England with a series of factual articles in his paper. To obtain facts, he organized a secret commission for on-the-spot investigation. As conclusive proof, he proposed to procure a slave-child by his own efforts—just to show how easily it could be done. He first consulted a lawyer, then he talked it over with Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Cardinal Manning told him to "Go ahead and God bless you!" Gen. Bramwell Booth of the Salvation Army (son of the founder) helped with the practical details.

They got hold of a reformed prostitute, who negotiated the purchase of a thirteen-year-old girl, Eliza Armstrong, for five dollars. At ten that same night the girl's mother was picked up by the police as being drunk and disorderly. Eliza was washed and dressed and taken to a respectable hotel for the night. The next day, a Salvation Army lassie escorted her to France where she was lodged in the home of a French countess.

Stead's first article was a "scorcher," ending with an account of how easily Eliza Armstrong had been purchased and spirited out of the country. The next two articles were equally vivid. At first the lower classes were in Stead's corner, but then a remarkable thing took place. The most disparate elements in the community began moving in to form a solid phalanx against the editor. His fellow journalists deserted him in large numbers. Some were silent. Others, like the *Times*, thought that the problem should be met not by throwing the white-slavers into jail but by teaching them the catechism. Others alleged that an inborn love of filth led Stead to publish this "pornographic nonsense." The slave-traders and madams managed to turn the ignorant street mob against their benefactor. There were riots outside his newspaper office.

The Government felt that it had lost face before the whole world. Britain must be whitewashed, Stead discredited. But how? An official investigation of the facts in the article would be as explosive as the later question: "Who promoted Peress?" It was a matter that must not be ventilated. There were too many big names involved. They finally decided to have Stead sued for removing Eliza

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Armstrong from the custody of her father without his consent. In other words, they approved his good intentions but they did not like his methods.

The trial went against the editor. Toward the end, says Terrot, he "almost succumbed to an acute fit of depression. For a time it seemed as thought he was completely drained of energy and the will to go on fighting. His eyes became dull and his whole manner listless; sometimes, in fact, he gave the impression of hardly listening to the proceedings, as though they no longer concerned him." Stead was found guilty and sent to jail for three months. But his fits of acute depression kept recurring until his death on the *Titanic* in 1912. It later developed, incidentally, that little Eliza was illegitimate. She had no known father from whom Stead could have spirited her away.

Such is often the melancholy destiny of the crusader. But W. T. Stead won in the end, for he had blown up a tempest that finally brought about worldwide reform. The words of Gen. Bramwell Booth might well serve as his epitaph: "He set out heart and soul to serve his generation. The world was cleaner and sweeter for his eloquent voice."

Theater

Tears and Tantrums

MICHAEL M. MOONEY

The Miracle Worker is soap opera. You would almost expect an Ivory commercial at the final curtain: despite a terrible problem, despite tears and too much mother-love, through pluck and determination and hard work, virtue and real love finally triumph—taken from the True Life Story of Helen Keller and complete in this episode.

Anne Bancroft, as Annie Sullivan, a poor twenty-year-old Irish orphan, has regained her eyesight at the Perkins Institute for the Blind. She leaves Boston, joins the Keller household in Tuscumbia, Alabama, and tries to teach seven-year-old, deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller (played by Patty Duke) the miracle of words. Because the Keller parents have pitied both themselves and their child for her crippled nature, because in their sentiment they have bathed her in affection but neglected just discipline, the child has no means with which to do the work of learning. Annie Sullivan must try to teach her language: words and the things they stand for. Undisciplined and so untaught, Helen Keller is in a state of the natural animal. Her prospects are for a life "with no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time . . . continual fear . . . solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short."

The play is at its best when the author is silent; when two superb actresses, Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke, act out the battle of the teacher for the mind of the child: Lesser actresses would make a joke of this play that is no more than a series of emotionally charged scenes, a round-by-round battle in a wordless contest of wills. In round one, the child learns from the hands of the teacher a game of mimicry: the spelling, letter-by-letter, of nouns in the manual sign language of the dumb. But the mimicry of language is not enough. In order to understand a word, in order to *know* the connection between word and thing, between symbol and the idea of the thing it represents, the child must also *perceive*. But how teach perception when the child is missing the main senses of perception? Round one ends with the teacher bitten, stabbed, and locked in her room by the willful child. The teacher learns she cannot teach at all without discipline; the child cannot learn if knowledge is no more than a game of mimicry.

In succeeding rounds, as the teacher tries to give her child discipline (over the objections of the sentimental parents), the two actresses put on a display of wrestling that would shame the ordinary TV tag match. In a battle over table manners, Anne Bancroft gets a plate of eggs in the face, gets punched, stabbed and mauled; Patty Duke, eyes tightly closed, is doused in ice water, thrown across the homestead dining room seated in her chair, and takes three falls from

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two hammer-locks and a half-nelson. The child loses, and ends with even her napkin neatly folded.

After what we are told is two weeks, eighteen mimicked sign language nouns and three verbs, and still no progress toward understanding, teacher and child stage a rematch on the folded napkin issue. This time Patty Duke tosses the water in Anne Bancroft's face, and as the hot-tempered teacher is forcing the child to refill the pitcher at the homestead well, perception, the meaning of the sign language comes for the first time: "W-A-T-E-R." And then the key to her soul is in the hands of Helen Keller. Hugs all around, and Curtain.

At this point water is flowing copiously in the audience too. Producer Fred Coe has not missed a nerve. The technique is perfect: There is even an eerie voice from the past, Annie Sullivan's brother who has died in a rat-infested institution crying, "Annie don't leave me . . ." The theater-loudspeaker voice from the past is supposed to be something for Annie Sullivan to exorcise; and when she has finely taught Helen Keller a word, the voice disappears. Just why isn't too clear. Perhaps because by then the play is over.

And by this time author William Gibson has also been able to work over a number of unsupported soap opera truths: You must not pity yourself or others for disaster, just love them; everyone must see for himself, stand on his own two feet; mothers sometimes love too much; fathers are noisy, bluff, but they really do understand; the South may have lost the war, but her men are still proud; etc., etc.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The World's Last Night, by C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, $3.00). Perhaps nothing has given modern man the Pauline sense of cosmic strategy—of battle with powers and principalities—more than a series of witty letters from "Screwtape," a senior devil anxious that his nephew find room at the bottom, advancing down the rungs of infernal success. Screwtape's creator, C. S. Lewis, is the latest representative in England of Johnsonian versatility—critic and teacher, exegete and controversialist, wit and novelist. This collection of his latest essays demonstrates both his range and depth. In a new message from hell, Screwtape advises his fellows to use the incantatory word "democracy" to make men oppose excellence of every kind, especially in education. All are equal in hell; let envy and the egalitarian tyranny of modern Liberalism achieve the same destruction of individuality on earth. In this and other essays (one on the mystique of progress, one on the cult of the "intelligentsia" as our classless society's aristocracy) Mr. Lewis demonstrates that his politics are also Johnsonian, a profoundly reasoned and Christian conservatism. G. WILLS

The Incredible Krupps, by Norbert Muhlen (Holt, $5.00). The firm of Krupp, if not indeed the backbone of modern Germany, may well be called its steel brace. And what a perdurable dynasty, surviving the Kaiser's empire, the Weimar Republic, Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich, the loss of two world wars, aerial destruction, Allied occupation and even dismantling. Now once more under its fifth titular head the three-ringed Krupp emblem emerges again over one of the great heavy-industry empires of the world, the toast of Khrushchev, maintaining what it considers its rights of trade even against the stern-minded Adenauer. A curiously unattractive family, the Krupps. They remained sterile in the arts, sterile in the humanities, deficient in affections, unhappy for the most part in their family relationships, true only to themselves as the frock-coated Vulcans of the industrial age that spawned them. Five of them span 173 years from the founder who was paradoxically a failure to Alfried, Krupp V, who emerged as a war criminal from an American prison to reconstitute and streamline the old firm to a new eminence. Mr. Muhlen, German by birth and American by background, has given us a fascinatingly detailed account of the Krupps and their ways.

F. RUSSELL

You Are All Alone, by Jozsef Kovago (Praeger, $6.00). We should all do well to forget the Hungarian revolution. To remember it is to remember that, when history and valor beckoned, we failed. And one does not willingly recall that he partook—however indirectly—of so dishonorable a failure. But while we gladly ease the memory to oblivion, there are some who cannot forget. One of these, the former Mayor of Budapest, here records his personal struggle against Communism, from his imprisonment in 1950 through the revolt of 1956. Kovago's story tells us that, contrary to Liberal arguments, the uprising was *against* the bondage of "national Communism," not in favor of it. And it tells us that our failure did not end in 1956; it is with us yet as we rendezvous with the masters of the Kremlin.

M. S. EVANS

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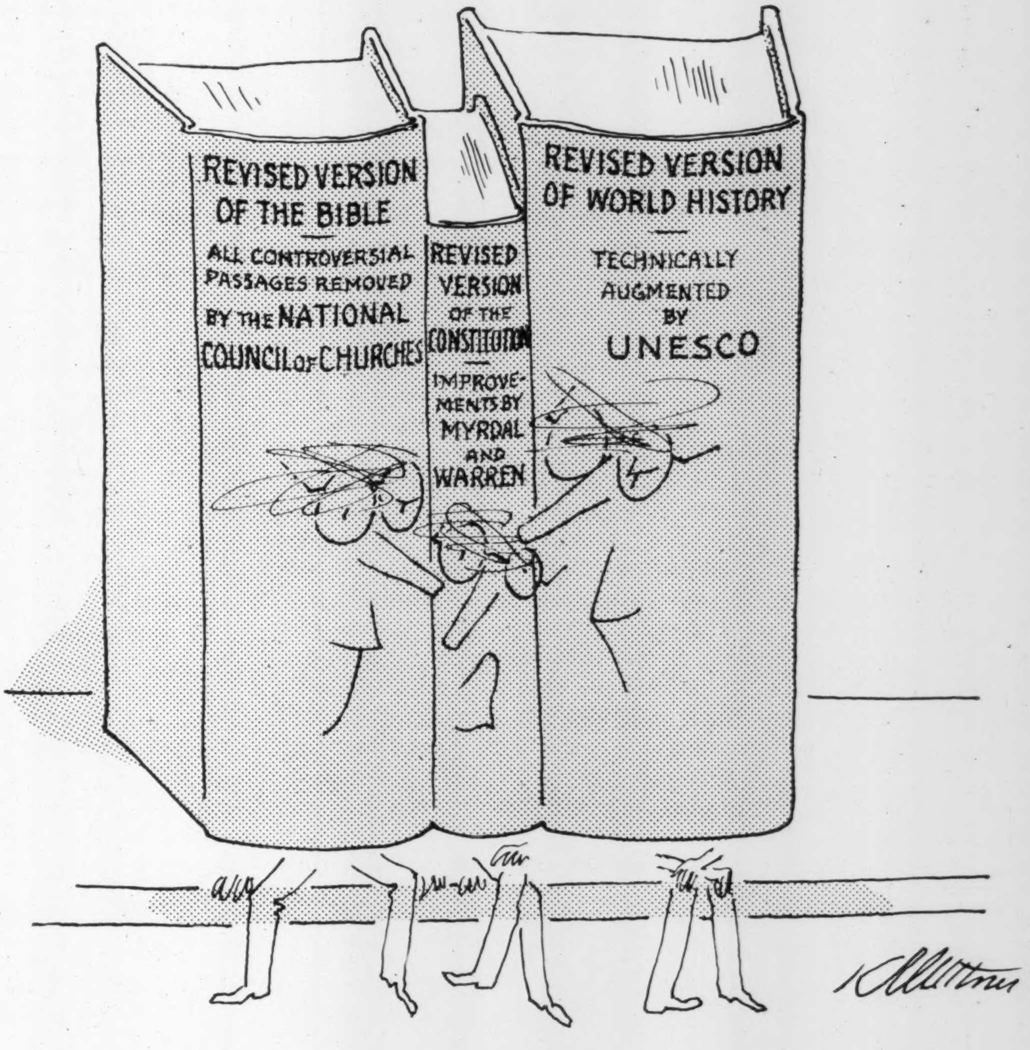
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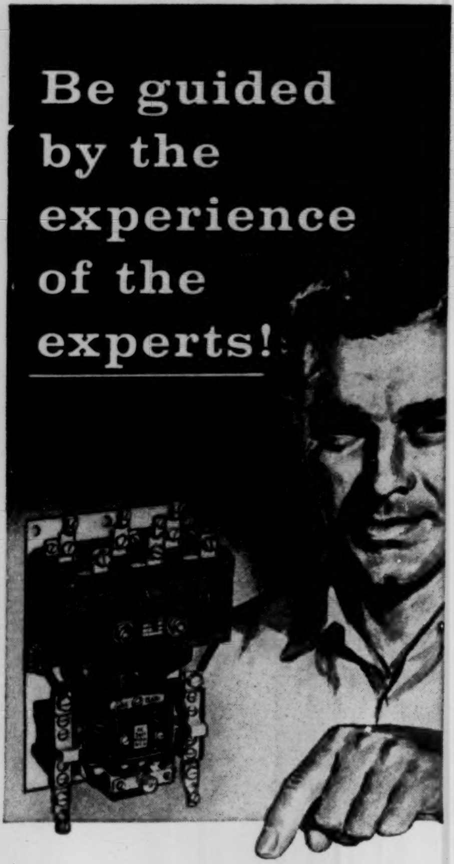

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To the Editor

Parmentel "Doesn't Jell"

"The Ready-to-Wear Dybbuk" [February 13] by Noel Parmentel died in its birth throes when the reviewer lifted his knee to the groin. This chunk of writing was a fervid attempt to make like George Jean Nathan without Nathan's specialized intellect about the theater. Like they say on Seventh Avenue, Noel put everything into the garment including the kitchen sink.

I'm not marking Chayefsky down as another Aristophanes; and I have also smelled the corn in his movies. But if you go to the movies Paddy gives you a better shake than most of the corn balls who write for the movies; and that ain't saying much.

My objection to Parmentel was his trying to play the guitar on both sides. In doing so he took in more territory than Rome had colonies. He knows all about Seventh Avenue, all about the Dybbuk, all about Klein's fake Balenciaga copies (I've seen authentic Balenciagas that looked like fakes), all about synagogues in Mineola, and all about all the little slurs about Jewish life of which there ain't no more in the U.S. What Chayefsky doesn't know about the Dybbuk legend, Parmentel knows less . . . and Harry Golden lesser. . . .

The review just doesn't jell. And neither does Parmentel.

New Rochelle, N.Y. HARRY SERWER

Ayn Rand (Shrug . . .?)

Congratulations to Garry Wills [February 27] for correctly and succinctly restating the conservative position. Ayn Rand's primary value to conservatives lies in the superb demolition job she does on collectivist theory, not in any positive contributions made to conservative thought. Enthusiasm over the invective in *Atlas Shrugged* should not convince us that it is the definitive statement of American conservativism. As Whittaker Chambers and Garry Wills point out, it is not.

New York City ROBERT M. CARDILLO

Spare us, please spare us, this continued waste of space and time re the question of the conservatism of Ayn Rand! How many of your readers care? Why not run a modified transcript of your recent debate on Nixon's conservative position? In fact, for the benefit of those who were unable to attend your National Review Forum—why not give us unfortunates some information concerning the outcome of these debates?

Surely, most of us are more concerned now with Nixon than we are with Ayn Rand.

Fair Lawn, N.J. PAUL R. EASTMAN

With the publication of Mr. Wills' article, the most recent in "The Open Question" series on Ayn Rand, you have done what I had previously thought to be impossible. You have printed and thereby lent your prestige to a piece more vile than anything which has yet appeared in the *New York Post*. . . .

New York City GEORGE REISMAN

I have read neither the "philosophy" of Ayn Rand nor Mr. Root's analysis of it. And, until at least two of seven correspondents ["To The Editor," February 13] can agree on what either Miss Rand or Professor Root is saying, I see no reason to resolve my ignorance.

After all, the manner in which ideas are expressed is as important as the ideas themselves.

Sharon, Conn. (REV.) JOHN P. TRACY

The Cardinal Was Conservative

For Mr. Scheley [Letters, February 27], "conservative" simply means "benighted." Mr. Scheley does not meet—apparently because he cannot conceive—my argument that only conservatism truly develops, because only conservatism has continuity and that deep retrospect into human experience which guides men forward. Newman is a perfect example of this, not least in the points raised by Mr. Scheley's letter. Because of his sense of tradition, Newman took the conciliar position on Church politics, a modified Alexandrian position on Biblical criticism, and the "liberal arts" approach to education. This makes him a Liberal to Mr. Scheley, despite the fact that the definition of papal infallibility was not seriously considered until the nineteenth century; that the allegorical interpretation of scripture, elaborated by Clement and Origen at Alexandria, made possible Augustine's conversion by dispelling his objections to Biblical literalism; and that the seven liberal arts, basis of classical and mediaeval education, are one of our principal debts to Rome.

No one appealed to these Western traditions more kowledgeably than Newman, who, like Sam Johnson, was conservative enough to rebel, under the promptings of reason, against the fashions of his day—"scientism" in Biblical criticism, Victorian pietism in education, and streamlined administration even in ecclesiastical matters. In all the examples he adduces Mr. Scheley proves the Cardinal conservative.

New Haven, Conn. GARRY WILLS

Mr. Ted Scheley, like all the Liberals who claim Cardinal Newman, does so on the crude assumption that the term "liberal" can be used univocally of both the nineteenth- and twentieth-century varieties. The nineteenth-century Liberal, for all his naiveté about the perfectibility of man (a view which Newman consistently repudiated), did believe in human freedom and did oppose the omnicompetent state; whereas the twentieth-century Liberal has retained only the errors of his forebears. The nineteenth-century conservative, on the other hand, could in many respects be more accurately described as reactionary; whereas the twentieth-century conservative is the legitimate heir of the nineteenth-century Liberal's ideal of personal freedom.

Newman represented the best of the old Liberalism; yet, seeing the philosophical consequence of Liberalism, which is anarchy, spent his life fighting it. Were Newman alive today —*would* that he were alive today!— he would be writing for NATIONAL REVIEW.

Newman opposed the definition of Papal Infallibility, not because he doubted the doctrine, but because, conservative that he was, he deplored change without seriously justifying reasons; and he also disapproved the mania (so dear to the modern Liberal) for multiplying regulations endlessly. W. G. Ward, who expressed the wish that he could have a new encyclical every morning at breakfast with his *Times*, would be considered

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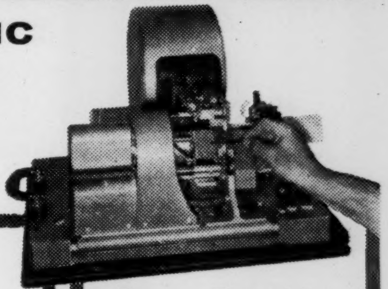

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a leading Catholic Liberal today.

When Newman supported the Knights of Labor, he was only being faithful to his conservative principle of personal freedom and dignity against the authoritarians: the Church also has her centralizers—both Liberal and conservative.

Mr. Scheley points out, correctly, that Newman stood firmly for Liberal education, but he quotes Newman out of context to suggest that the Cardinal was one of the early advocates of "education for life." In fact, of course, his whole message was that knowledge is its own end. Moreover, Newman insisted that theology and philosophy were not only legitimate branches of knowledge, but the crown and the integrating principle of all the arts and sciences. In all this, he was to find his main support in our day among enlightened conservatives.

Again, Newman opposed the Biblical literalism of the reactionaries precisely because, as a conservative, he knew that truth was not served by those who try to prove too much. A conservative is innately modest and restrained about invoking infallibility in areas which are the proper object of speculation, not dogma. Not for him the Liberal passion for blueprints and pat solutions. Mr. Wills covers this brilliantly in his article—which Mr. Scheley would do well to ponder further.

New York City ROGER THOMAS

A 'Hocus-Pocus' Hater

I was more than surprised to see that most offensive term "hocus-pocus" in your editorial, "A Sane Explosion," [February 27].

Says Tillotson (an accepted authority): "Those common juggling words of *hocus-pocus* are nothing else but a corruption of the *hoc est corpus* by way of ridiculous imitation of the priests of the Church of Rome in their trick of transubstantiation." Works, Vol. 1, Sermon 26.

Philadelphia, Pa. M. J. HOGAN

Oxford English Dictionary, *Volume V, p. 320:* "Hocus pocus *. . . 17th c. . . . the appellation of a juggler (and, apparently, as the assumed name of a particular conjurer) derived from the sham Latin formula employed by him . . . The notion that* hocus pocus *was a parody of the Latin words used in the Eucharist, rests merely on a conjecture thrown out by Tillotson . . .*" —ED.

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